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THE CAMPBELLS

OF

DRUMMARODEN

On the River Lyon in the Highlands of Perthshire, County Perth, North of Scotland

BY

JOHN F. CAMPBELL

THE CAMPBELLS

OF

DRUMABODEN

On the River Lyennon, Near Rathmelton,
County Donegal, North of Ireland

BY

JOHN F. CAMPBELL

Coat of Arms—Clan Campbell

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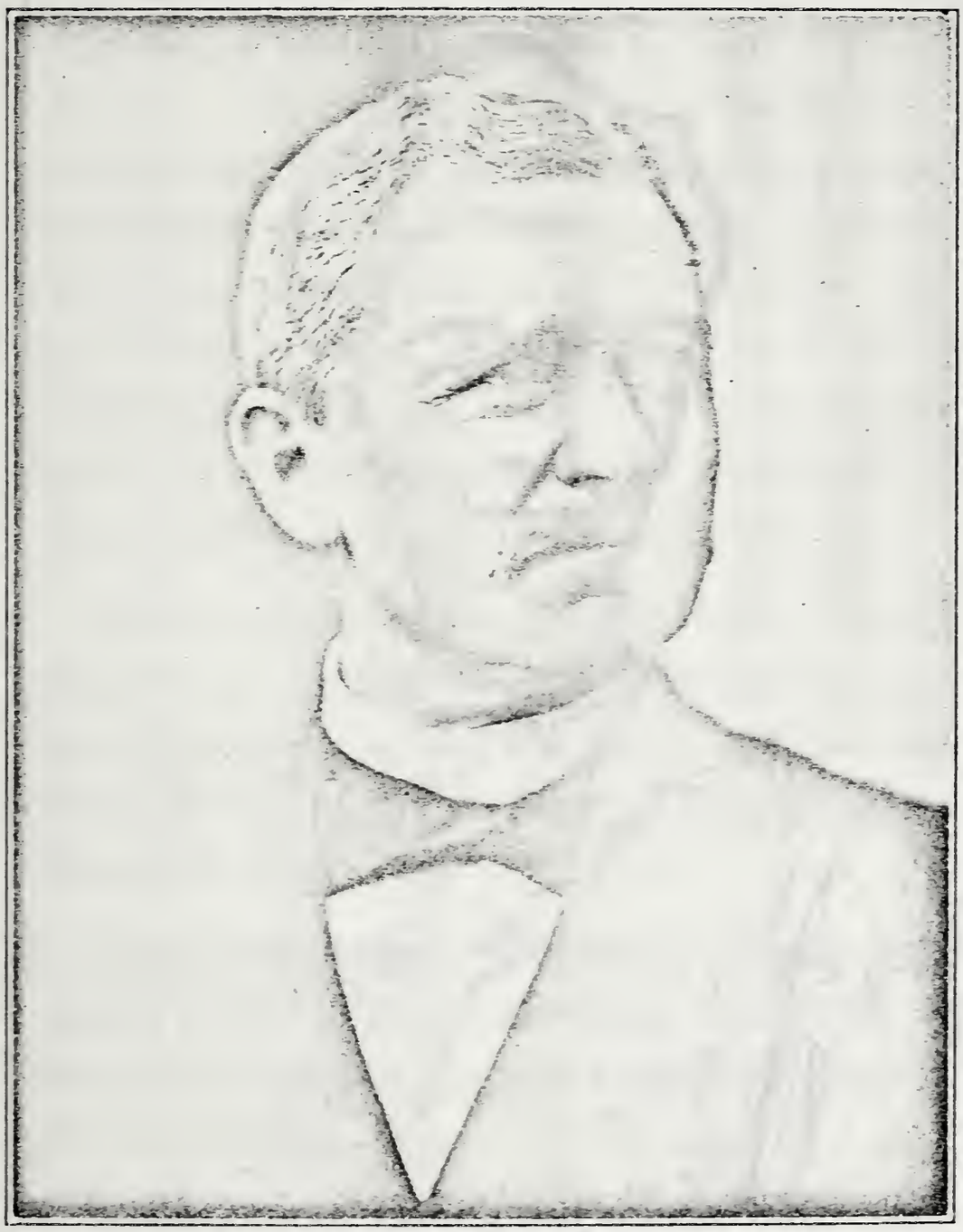
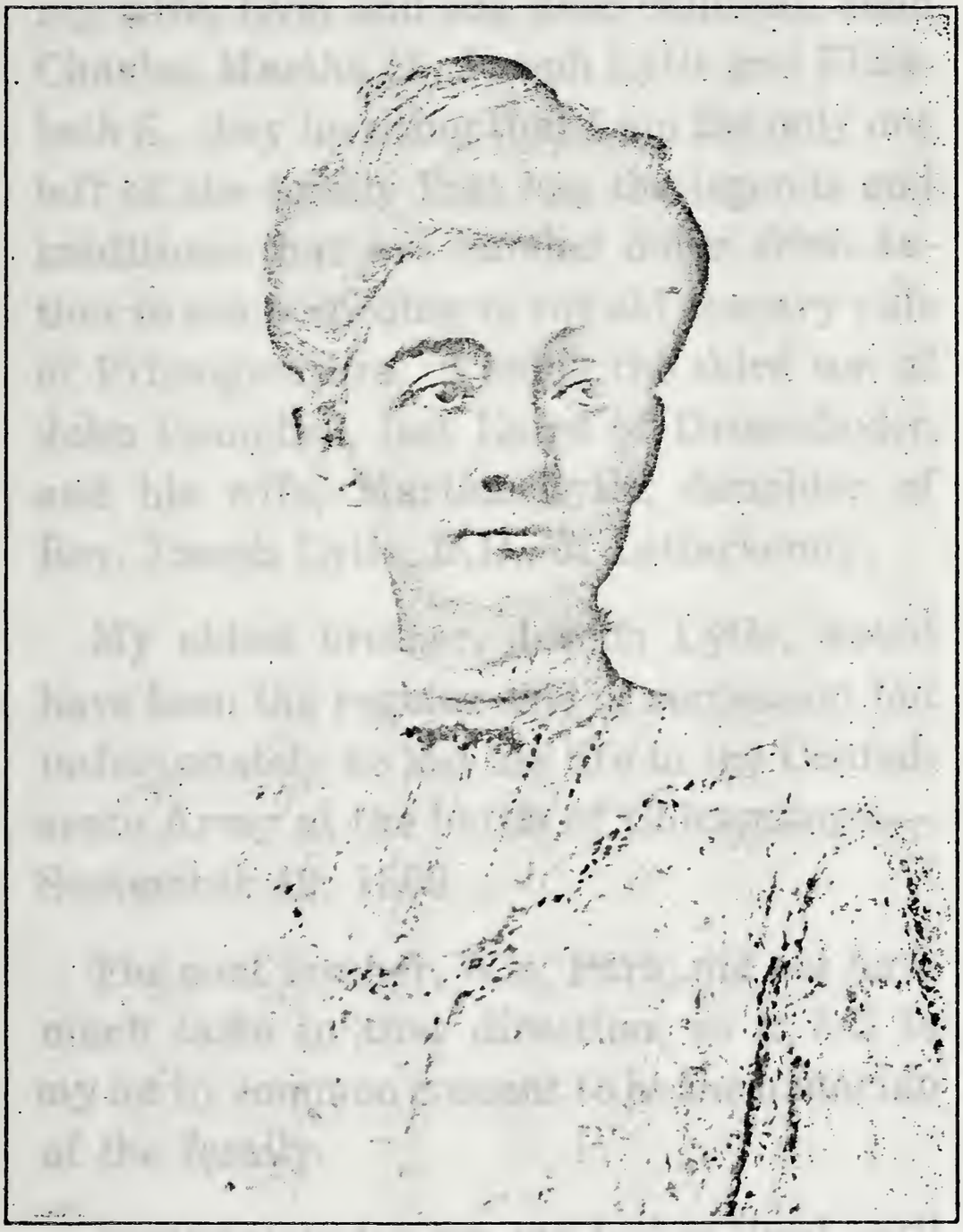


JOHN F. CAMPBELL



MRS. JOHN F. CAMPBELL
(EVA CARTER)

FOREWORD

This story of the Campbells of Drumaboden is written at the earnest solicitations of my wife, Eva, and our dear children, John Charles, Martha E., Joseph Lytle and Elizabeth S., they insisting that I am the only one left of the family that has the legends and traditions that are handed down from father to son according to the old country rule of Primogeniture. I being the third son of John Campbell, last Laird of Drumaboden and his wife, Martha Lytle, daughter of Rev. Joseph Lytle, D.D., of Letterkenny.

My oldest brother, Joseph Lytle, would have been the regular line of succession but unfortunately he lost his life in the Confederate Army at the battle of Chicamauga,—September 19, 1863.

The next brother, Wm. Park, did not have much taste in that direction, so it fell to my lot by common consent to be the historian of the family.

Fortunately for me, my father lived until I was twenty-five years of age—so that he related to me over and over again all the legends and traditions of the family—as they were handed down to him.

He was the oldest son of the oldest son back for six generations to the second son of Colin Campbell, Sixth Earl of Argyle, 1600.

In my homely way I write the sketch and affectionately dedicate it to my dear wife, Eva Carter.

JOHN F. CAMPBELL,

Third son of John Campbell, Laird of Drumaboden and his wife, Martha Lytle.

NASHVILLE, TENN., 1925.

TRADITIONAL.

The Traditional origin of the name Campbell, dates back to about A.D. 400. From history, we know that the Romans under Julius Cæsar overran Britain (now England) and Caledonia (now Scotland) 55 B.C. They were never able to go farther than the foot of the Grampian Mountains in Scotland; there they met up with the hardy, warlike Highlanders. The most powerful was the Clan Diarmid, or Black Clan. The tradition goes that the chief of the Clan Diarmid had a son—an enterprising young fellow named Colin—who got permission from his father to take a picked lot of clansmen and attack the Roman camp by night, which he did, and put them all to the sword.

Each clansman brought a trophy from the Roman camp, young Colin brought the camp bell. It seems that the Romans used bells for their signals and calls instead of the bugle.

Colin was thereafter called Colin Campbell. When the old Chief Diarmid died and young Colin Campbell was named chief, he changed the clan name from Diarmid to clan Campbell—which is still the clan name and the most powerful clan is Scotland.

CHAPTER I

The Campbells of Drumaboden were a branch of the Clan Campbell of Inverary, Argyleshire, Scotland. They first came to the north of Ireland in 1661 in the persons of Sir Hugh Campbell and his wife, Mary Patterson, just after the restoration of Charles II to the throne of England.

Sir Hugh was the oldest son of Sir Colin Campbell of Lundie and his wife, Mary Campbell, daughter of Campbell the Lord of Glenurchy.

Sir Colin was the second son of Colin Campbell, Sixth Earl of Argyle, and his wife Countess Moray.

Sir Colin, the sixth Earl of Argyle, 1600, was the oldest son of Archibald Campbell, the fifth Earl of Argyle and Lord of Lorn, and his wife, Johanette, daughter of the Earl of Glencairne.

Archibald Campbell, fifth Earl of Argyle, was the oldest son of Archibald Campbell, the fourth Earl of Argyle (1595) (who espoused the Reformation under John Knox), and his wife, Lady Helen Hamilton, oldest daughter of the Earl of Avron.

Archibald Campbell, fourth Earl of Argyle, was the son of Colin Campbell, the third Earl of Argyle, known as "Colin Malloch" (Lumpy Brow) 1513, and his wife, Lady Jane Gordon, daughter of the Earl of Huntly.

Colin Campbell, third Earl of Argyle, was the oldest son of Archibald Campbell, the second Earl of Argyle, 1495, (fell at Flodden Field 1513), and his wife, Lady Elizabeth Stewart, daughter of John, Earl of Lenox.

Archibald Campbell, second Earl of Argyle, was the son of Colin Campbell, the first Earl of Argyle, (1457), and his wife, Elizabeth Stewart, oldest daughter of John, third Lord of Lorn.

Sir Colin Campbell, first Earl of Argyle, was the son of Sir Duncan Campbell, first Lord of Argyle (appointed by James I of Scotland) 1445, and his wife, Lady Marjory Stewart, daughter of the Duke of Albany.

Sir Duncan Campbell was the son of Sir Archibald Campbell (1372) and his wife, Mary, daughter of Sir John Lamond.

Sir Archibald Campbell was the son of Sir Colin Campbell (Colin OG), the nephew of King Robert Bruce, from whom he received the Township of Kantyre and Ardscad, March, 1316.

Sir Colin Campbell (Colin OG), was the oldest son of Colin Neal Campbell (who commanded the right wing of the Army of Bruce at the battle of Bannockurn with 5,000 sturdy Campbells at his back, each with a trusty broad sword in his hand and a Skene Dhu at his hip), and his wife Mary Marjorie, sister of King Robert Bruce.

Sir Colin Neal Campbell was the son of Sir Colin Campbell (Maccellein Mohr) 1280, and his wife, Lady Sinclair.

Sir Colin Campbell was the son of Sir Archibald Campbell and his wife, Errich, daughter of the Earl of Carrick.

Sir Archibald Campbell was the son of Sir Duncan Campbell, Knight of Lough Awe, and his wife, Finlay, daughter of McGillevrail.

Sir Duncan Campbell, of Lough Awe, was the son of Duncan O'Dubne Campbell (1090), and his wife, Dorothy, daughter of Dugald Craughon.

Duncan O'Dubne Campbell was the son of Archibald Campbell, of Lough Awe and Inverary (1550), and his wife, Eva, heiress of Paul Dubne, from whom he acquired the Lordship of Lough Awe.

Prominent among the families that sprang from the Clan Campbell was the McIver family, which came in this way.

About the 16th century one Iver Campbell, of Inverary, married Margaret McGreggor, the representative of the Clan McGreggor at that time. In due time they had a son and called him Iver McIver (Iver the son of Iver).

When he grew to manhood he dropped the Campbell and originated the McIver family. They became very prominent in Scotland thereafter, and are well and favorably known in middle Tennessee at this time.

CHAPTER II

At the time of the revolution against Charles I, led by Oliver Cromwell and the round heads of England, a similar movement was pushed forward by Archibald Campbell, the eighth Earl and first Marquis of Argyle, and Sir Hugh Campbell of Lundie (his first cousin) in Scotland. Reference to history will show that it culminated in the beheading of Charles I and banishing of the royal Stuarts for a while.

The country was then under the rule of Cromwell as a common-wealth or protectorate for eleven years. It got to be very distasteful to the better element of the people and, in their straights, they recalled Charles II from France and restored him as king, with the understanding that there was to be full amnesty for everybody concerned in the revolution—"let by-gones be by-gones," so to speak.

Unfortunately, King Charles was a tyrant—dishonorable—and, urged on by his bosom companion, the disreputable Duke of Buckingham, they soon began persecution of all Nobles that opposed them. They had Archibald Campbell, the Marquis, arrested, tried and condemned for high treason and beheaded at the tower of London. It was he that said, while standing at the Block: "I could have died like a Roman, but I prefer to die like a Christian." It is said of the Roman Nobles that when they got in a tight

place, they would fall on the point of their sword and perish.

After disposing of the Marquis, the King was on the outlook for Sir Hugh Campbell but, fortunately, he got wind of it and at once took his young wife, Mary Patterson, and put to sea from the Mull of Kantyre in an open boat.

After buffeting the rough waves of the Irish Channel, they finally put in at the Giants Causeway, on the North Coast of Ireland.

In due time they made their way down to Derry, now the City of Londonderry (as Scotch as Glasgow). They finally found a location on the west side of Lough Swilly or Swilly Bay, on lands which are known as the "College Estates." This is property that Oliver Cromwell confiscated from the Roman Catholic Abbeys and Monastaries; some of the old ruins are still noticeable.

Sir Hugh leased eighty-five acres on the Lough Side near the mouth of the River Lennon for a term of ninety-nine years, and then established a home and called it "Drumaboden" after some place in the Scottish Highlands.

CHAPTER III

There is a legend connected with the River Lennon. It seems that away back in the time of St. Columbia, who was a patron saint of the North of Ireland, as St. Patrick was for all Ireland, there was a dreadful drought in the valley west of Lough Swilly and between that and the Arragil Mountains.

The people in their despair sent for St. Columba to get them relief. As the tradition goes, he came promptly and went up to the shores of Garton Lough near where he was born. The banks of the Lough were solid flat stones, or "flags" as they are called in that country. St. Columba went on his knees on one of these big "flags" and prayed and prayed and went through his usual forms and ceremonies, and prayed and prayed again until he left the print of his knees and toes in the solid flagstone, which are said to be still visible to the faithful Romanist.

He then got up from his knees and took his long staff and struck the water in the Lough three blows and said with each blow, "Lennon, Lennon, Lennon" (which in Irish means "follow me"). He then turned and walked down the valley and the water of the Lough followed after him.

After his first day's journey, he stopped at a farm house to rest and spend the night —the water collected during the night in a

low place and made what is known as Lough Fern. St. Columba renewed his trip in the morning and the water followed down to Lough Swilly—that is the River Lennon to this day—a beautiful, clear, limpid stream with many falls and rapids. It bounds one side of the Drumaboden farm where I was born.

CHAPTER IV

Sir Hugh and his wife, Mary Patterson, in due time had a son born to them, and they called him Patrick in compliment to the Irish. They had another son called Duncan and other children whose names I do not remember.

When they came from Scotland to Ireland they brought their Presbyterianism with them, for it had been in their systems since the signing by them of the Solemn League and Covenant, that great Document that made possible the civil and religious liberty we now enjoy. Their food was principally potatoes, milk, cheese, oatmeal, cakes and Shorter Catechism.

The cheese was made on the place, the rennet for the separation of the curd from the whey was gotten from the inner membrane of a sucking calf's stomach. The cheese was made from whole milk from Ayershire cows fed daily a ration of fresh carrots, which made the color just right.

They built a one-story stone-and-lime house large enough for their comfort; put a thatched roof on it, which was the custom in those days, and brought up their family in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, according to the teaching of the Free Kirk of Scotland.

When Patrick, their oldest son, grew to manhood and thought of getting him a wife, he went back to the old home,—Inverary, Argyleshire, and selected Jean Farquhar-

son,—a descendant of the Farquharson children, who were adopted by the Clan Campbell when their clan was destroyed (1613) by the Clan Gordon and Clan Grant. This is where my middle name came from—Patrick Campbell's wife, Jean Farquharson.

These Campbells were God-loving and Deil-fearing people, but they "didn'a have fear of mortal man."

In 1665 Charles II died. It was a relief to the country to get rid of him and his villainous court headed by that chief of libertines, the Duke of Buckingham.

The respite, however, was short lived, as his brother, James II succeeded. His conduct was bad or worse in another direction; he was a narrow bigot, claiming to be an adherent to the Church of England, but at heart a Papist pure and simple.

The Presbyterians particularly began to see trouble in the air both in Scotland and in the north of Ireland. King James made Grahame of Claverhouse "Earl of Dundee," and put him at the head of his forces to persecute the Presbyterians particularly. Of course, the Presbyterians of the north of Ireland were a part of the Free Kirk of Scotland, and the Campbells of Drumaboden were a prominent part of the Irish Kirk.

Fighting soon began between man and man, and then between organized companies. Patrick Campbell raised a company and was made Captain; other prominent men did the same, and a considerable force was

gotten together under George Walker, a Presbyterian minister of Derry as Commander. There were numerous encounters and often bloody ones.

The Scotch settlers were at a great disadvantage; they were so greatly outnumbered by the Papists and their French Allies. Being hard pressed, they took refuge within the walls of Derry—as you know Derry was and is still a walled city; that is, the old part of the town.

Then began the historic siege of Derry, 1688-89, lasting for months, or until the defenders were reduced to starvation. It was ended only when a relief ship came from the government which was then under William and Mary, July 30, 1689.

King James had been deposed and took refuge in France. William, Prince of Orange, and his wife, Mary, who was the daughter of King James, upon invitation from the persecuted Protestants had taken charge of the country.

Capt. Patrick Campbell, who was a large man, six feet six in height and weighing 250 pounds, was an expert swordsman, trained in Edinburg. The family traditions say that with his broad sword he could split a Frenchman to the briskit.

All this time the bloodthirsty and cruel Dundee was slaughtering the Presbyterians in Scotland. They were hunted, caught and shot without judge or jury.

CHAPTER V

A case in point may be of interest. Dundee quartered himself and troops on a country gentleman, Lord Crawford. His Lordship was a kind of a "Vicar of Bray," he liked to be on the strong side; but his wife, Lady Crawford, and his daughter, Jean, were loyal supporters of the Covenant and Presbyterians, of course. Jean had a suitor (as girls have in most ages) one Henry Pollock, a young minister. Dundee's troopers finally caught Pollock and Dundee had him shot where Lady Crawford and Jean could see it.

The next thing, Dundee set his plans to win Jean for himself and, strange as it may seem, be succeeded. The glamour of an Earldom was too much for her. They were married, and it was not long until he mistreated her and neglected her. She reaped the full fruits of her folly and disloyalty to her kith.

Dundee scourged the country with fire and sword until he came to Killicrankie, where he met his fate at the hands of the Campbells under Genl. McKaye.

Dundee, of course, wore a coat of mail so that he was protected from spear, arrow, bullet or sword thrust. At the Battle of Killicrankie he was so hard pressed that he was everywhere rallying his men. The story goes that he threw up his sword arm to encourage them and a Campbell put a bullet

in his armpit, so he fell dead on the field. The Campbells were rid of a mortal enemy.

During the time the people were so sorely pursecuted by James II, they looked everywhere for any kind of relief, and finally took up the Duke of Monmouth. He was raised a Protestant by his good mother, Lucy Walters, whom Charles II married when he was Prince Charlie. She was the daughter of a gentleman in Summersetshire, near London. As far as she was concerned it was an honorable marriage, but no telling about Prince Charlie, he was such a consummate rake and ne'er-do-well. Anyhow, he acknowledged the boy, James Staurt, and when he grew to manhood made him Duke of Monmouth. The insurrection under him, however, did not amount to much, for James II, his uncle, had him taken to the tower, tried by his own gang, convicted and beheaded.

CHAPTER VI

The next move of the people was to look to Mary, the king's daughter who had married William, Prince of Orange. Finally they invited them to come over and reign jointly, which they did, and the people received them with open arms and rejected King James in toto, banishing him altogether. He went to France, which was the haven at that time for the Papists. He, with the help of the French, men and ships, landed in Ireland in 1689 and the Irish Catholics to a man rallied to his support, while the Irish Protestants to a man flocked to the standard of the Prince of Orange.

Soon the Battle of the "Boyn Water" was fought. When James and his French were totally defeated and driven from the country, James took his Irish general, Sarsfield, and his troops with him and they were the Irish Brigade in the French army as long as they lived.

Capt. Patrick Campbell of Drumaboden was a soldier under the Prince of Orange at the Battle of the Boyne—after which he went to his home at Drumaboden—went to work to make it comfortable for his people and repair war damages.

CHAPTER VII

"Noo my ain dear wife and bairnies forbye, the kith and kin and busom cronies, I hae wandered far awa frae Drumaboden; nae doot it was my eagerness tae see the end o' that vile doupe skelper, John Graham of Claverhouse.

Ye ken the Grahams, both Montrose and Claverhouse, were the mortal enemy's of the Clan Campbell. When the Campbells were oot fighting for the Covenant, the Grahams made inroads in the Campbell's kintry, murdered the women and weans and drove off the flocks and herds."

Old Duncan Campbell, the brother of Patrick, when he came to his deathbed, of course he had to have the meenister, who prayed with him, and among other things told him: "Duncan, Mon, you maun forgive your enemys. Ye canno gang to the Throne O' Grace until you forgive a' your enemys."

Old Duncan, of course, was loath to give in without a fight. The meenister began with the McGreggor, telling Duncan that he thought McGreggor was as much sinned agin as sinning, to which Duncan said, "A 'weal, forgive the McGreggor." The Gordon was next named by the Meenister. Old Duncan held out again; said the Gordons had cruelly murdered the Farquharsons, all the clan men and women—only spared the

weans from five to ten years old, and drove them home and fed them like pigs.

"But," says the meenister," the Campbells rescued the bairnies and took them hame and adopted them."

So, after many ifs and ands old Duncan said: "Weel, forgive the Gordons."

"Noo, Duncan, we come to the Grahams." "Weel, meenister, I canna forgive the Grahams; I canna forgive the Grahams. They have done all the ill turns in the calender." "But," says the meenister, "ye canna go to the Throne O' Grace, until ye forgive a' yer enemys."

Old Duncan's breath was getting shorter and shorter. His big son, Donald, was standing at the foot of the bed, sore distressed at his father's plight. Old Duncan at last said: "Weel, meenister, if I maun forgive the Graham I maun forgive him." But, looking at Donald, said: "Deil damn you, my son Donald, if you ever forgive the Grahams."

My father still had the dislike for the Grahams as long as he lived.

CHAPTER VIII

Old Patrick Campbell's oldest son, born 1704, was called Hugh after the old Scott. When Hugh came to manhood, he married Jane Dill, daughter of a neighbor Scott, and at the death of his father, Old Patrick, Hugh took charge of Drumaboden. He was a man of peace and the country was at peace, only for personal spats between the Protestants and the Papists. The native Irish, of course, felt badly over their complete failure to have a king of their own belief, but fortunately there was not as much friction between the Irish and the Scotts as between the Irish and the English, so that the Drumaboden people and the natives got along fairly well.

The Campbells were too canny and frugal and too busy with their home affairs to have much time for politics. They were always comfortably well off and prepared to help the native Irish people along, rather than antagonize them. More of this will be seen when my father, John, was Laird of Drumaboden.

CHAPTER IX

The Irish had been badly treated by the English for more than 500 years. It was in the time of Old Henry II of England. At that time, there were only four kings in Ireland: Seumas (James) O'Brien, King of Ulster; Brien Burroo, King of Leinster; Dermot McMurrogh, King of Munster; Terrence O'Shaughnessy, King of Connaught.

My good old friend, Michael J. O'Shaughnessy, of Nashville, Tenn., and of cotton oil mill fame, was a lineal descendant of old Terrence O'Shaughnessy, the last king of Connaught.

It seems old Terrence had a son that was somewhat of a poet. He wrote the O'Shaughnessy refrain which goes like this:

"My father was once King of Connaught
My Uncle Vice Roy of Tralee,
But the Shauchanach (English) came and
sine on it
The Divil an acre have we."

Mr. O'Shaughnessy's only daughter, Mrs. Randal Currell, lives in Nashville now.

We all know that Ireland has not as much territory as Tennessee, and about double the population, so it is easy to see how crowded they were.

Irish like, their principal amusement was fighting each other. There was an unusual long and hard fight between the Burroos

and McMurroghs in which the McMurroghs were victorious. They despoiled the Burroos's lands and among other things, carried off Burroos's wife. He was never able to recover her. So he took himself over to London to see Richard Strongbow, the Earl of Pembroke, who was a soldier of fortune, to get him to come over to Ireland, whip McMurrogh and recover his wife.

Strongbow gathered up his Knights and Squires, about 200 mounted and armoured with coats of mail, sword, shield and all the paraphernalia of the times, took ship and landed at Dublin. He hunted up McMurrogh and made short work of him, rescued Burroos's wife and, after much celebrating and feasting, Strongbow married Burroos's daughter, the beautiful Colliene Bairn, carrying her off to London with him.

It is said she created quite a sensation, —something new to Londoners.

Strongbow told old King Henry II that Ireland was a beautiful country and it was a pity to let these people murder each other just for amusement, it would be better to conquer them and add the country to England.

Old Henry thought well of the plan, but first had to get the Pope's permission. Hadrianus IV, was the Pope at the time, and the tradition goes that he told Henry to go ahead, if he could make the Irish behave themselves, it was more than he had been able to do. The Conquest was made, the

Irish were subdued, but never fully conquered. They were cruelly treated by a hoard of office holders and camp followers, much like the carpet-baggers we had after our Civil War, but the poor Irish did not have any Ku Klux to meet the case, as we had. Between England and Rome the poor Irish had a hard time—they did not know their soul was their own.

They had more trouble when Cromwell sent an army and a lot of officials to further harass and persecute them. This was the time that the English Land-Lordism was established, also the establishment of the Church of England in Ireland, which was an inexcusable tyranny, not only on the native Irish—but upon the Scotch Irish as well. It was not fair to make the Communicants of our Church help support another Church by paying tithes.

The Campbells of Drumaboden were strong believers in the Golden Rule and practiced it with the poor natives and always got along peaceably with them.

CHAPTER X

When Hugh Campbell and his wife, Jane Dill's first son was born (1737), they called him Patrick after the old fighter. He grew to be a very large man, six feet six high and weighed 250 pounds—he was a big man in every way, and was a great Presbyterian—but not a bigot. He married Margaret Park of Balleigham—Manor Cunningham, just across the Lough from Ramelton, the Campbell's town. He took charge of Drumaboden at the death of his father, Hugh. It was he that built the Wee Kirk of Ramelton. The story or tradition goes, that he said to the people:

"Maun hae a Kirk, but as they had nae siller to biggit wie, I will just biggit mysel," and he did so, he hired men and masons, ground the stones and built the Kirk of stone and lime. It is still standing and called the "Wee Kirk of Ramelton. When last heard of, it was covered entirely over with ivy.

Patrick Campbell had a younger brother named Hugh, who married, I don't know whom. They had a son named James, who was a bachelor and a member of the Innis Killen Dragoons. This famous Irish Cavalry regiment in the British army, was with the "Scotch Grays," the famous Scotch regiment at Waterloo. It was to these troops that Wellington said—"up boys and at them"—when the critical moment arrived

Ruins of Wee Kirk of Ramelton supposed to have been burned by the Sin Fein in the summer of 1923.

Drumaboden House built about 1765. This picture was taken April, 1924.

to decide the battle. It was a decisive blow that these 9,400 heavy Dragoons gave the demoralized Frenchmen.

In this charge, James Campbell was severely wounded, a Frenchman struck a blow with sword on the back of his head, that required his skull to be trepanned with a silver plate.

Patrick Campbell had quite a good sized family, namely, William, Andrew, Hugh, Jane and Elizabeth. He then concluded to build a larger house at Drumaboden.

The story goes that he was having peats cut for the winter's fuel—in doing so, they found a large Fir tree, (we would call it a Pine tree in this country), in the bottom of the peat bog. It was about four feet in diameter and probably 75 to 80 feet long.

No telling how long it had been there, as nothing ever decays in a peat bog. Any how they got the big tree out, and had it sawed into lumber and found it to be solid fat pine, and used it later for the timbers in the new Drumaboden house. This house was built of stone and lime, the walls three feet thick, two stories high and covered with Welch Slates. The house still stands and it is said to be in perfect condition, although it was built about 1765.

CHAPTER XI

William Campbell, the oldest son of Patrick and Margaret Park, grew to manhood and married Margaret Stuart of a Scotch family near Londonderry. He moved into Drumaboden house and took charge at the death of old Patrick. Andrew and Hugh, the others brothers, went to America and settled near Knoxville, Tennessee—both married. Hugh and his wife died childless.

Andrew's first wife died leaving him two sons, William P. and John. William P. married a Miss Nicholson and raised a family of three sons and six daughters in Franklin, Tennessee.

Andrew married the second time, Jane Campbell, a kinswoman of Gov. Campbell of Tennessee. They had three children, Arthur, Margaret and Mary. Arthur married Virginia Young of Winchester, Tennessee, and they had two children, William A. and Elizabeth. They lived in Memphis and Columbus, Miss. Elizabeth died there and William A. married Alicia, the youngest daughter of John and Martha Campbell of Drumaboden.

Margaret married Judge John Marshall of Franklin, Tenn., they had three children —William, John, and Junea. William never married—John married Elen McClung of Knoxville, and had two daughters, Eliza and Johnnie. Eliza married Frank Ewing

and Johnnie married Lem Campbell, son of Gov. Campbell.

Junea married Major Tom Allison of Williamson County and had two daughters, Margaret and Louise. Patrick Campbell's daughter, Jane, married first, James Stewart of the Lough side and had one son, John Stewart—second, Robert Allison of the same section and had a son—William Allison.

Patrick Campbell's daughter Elizabeth married William Blackwood near Drumaboden. She had two sons, William and Hugh. They both came to this country and settled in Winchester, Tenn. William never married but Hugh married and raised a family in Winchester.

Our good citizen here H. O. Blackwood of auto fame is the grand son of Hugh Blackwood and the great grand son of Elizabeth Campbell of Drumaboden.

Andrew Campbell's youngest daughter, Mary, married Col. Tom. Moore of Noxube County Miss., and raised a family—all dead —as far as I know. The Col. was an enthusiastic southerner and at the beginning of the war he turned over 500 bales of cotton to the confederacy and lost it, of course.

William Campbell and his wife, Margaret Stewart, had five sons, namely: John, William S., Andrew, James, and Patrick. In 1836 John, the oldest son, married Martha Lytle the daughter of Rev. Joseph Lytle,

D.D., of Letterkenny, one of the famous Presbyterian ministers of the north of Ireland.

He was a big man among big men, was as well known in Glasgow or Edinbugh as he was in Londonderry, and although he was a staunch Presbyterian he had many warm and loyal friends among the native Catholics. He never let an opportunity pass him when he could do them a substantial kindness.

He was a wonderful man. He preached 44 years in the Letterkenny Church and died sitting in the pulpit at 82 years.

The other preachers in Ramelton were Rev. Mr. Allen, D.D., of the First Presbyterian Church and Mr. Hastings, Rector of the Episcopal Church. He had been an officer in the army in Flanders with Wellington. After Waterloo when the army was disbanded, he was out of a job, so he took orders for the ministry in the Church of England. He did not altogether get rid of his army experience. Father said he would swear like a trooper at times and when he would reprove him, he would say, "Friend Campbell, you must pardon me, I unfortunately learned to swear in the army in Flanders and it comes on me unaware." The Rector and father were warm friends.

Another friend of my father was the Catholic Bishop, the Right Rev. Patrick McGeitegan, an honorable, good man, who did

The Big Kirk of Ramelton to which my father and mother belonged when I was born and the present minister, Rev. Wm. Wallace, D.D. It was Dr. Wallace who kindly got the kodaks for me.

everything possible to keep down friction among the people, or sects. He was a very small man in stature, noticeably so. The native Irish called him, "Wee bit footy Paddy McGeitegan."

CHAPTER XII

William Campbell had started the underdraining of the Drumaboden farm, had the Big Sheugh, or ditch dug through a depression, so that it drained the entire place and emptied into the river Lennon. The underdrains were located so as to carry off all the water from the "Wee Burns," what we call wet weather springs in this country. These drains emptied into the Big Sheugh and in time into the river.

When John Campbell took charge of Drumaboden, he had the drainage system completed, so as to dry out the entire farm.

He also had the Big Midden constructed, so located in the barnyard that all drainage and seepage would run into it, from the stable, the Byre (cowhouse). Every waste went into the midden and was there composted for fertilizer for the fields.

The midden was probably 40 feet in diameter, a couple of feet deep, made basin shape out of the flag stones laid in cement so that a horse and cart could pass around it.

The compost was applied differently from what it is here, it was carted to the fields and dumped so as to cover or fill the space desired. The plowman had two big Clydesdale horses to a steel turning plow, and another big horse following with a subsoiler. Men with grapes (four tined forks), put the compost in the furrow in the desired

quantities so that the turning plow on the next trip covered it completely out of sight, to be incorporated with the soil. This was usually done in the fall so that the fertilizer would be thoroughly absorbed before the spring and be ready for spring planting.

The Drumaboden farm was in a high state of cultivation. The drainage was a great benefit. When the fields were in wheat or oats, say above knee high, you could trace the meanderings of the drains with the eye by the richer color of the growing grain.

Drumaboden farm was a kind of a model farm. It produced much wheat to the acre, —not less than 50 bushels. Oats not less than 75 bushels. Potatoes several hundred bushels to the acre. Turnips, Sweed or Aberdeen, hundreds of tons, parsnips and carrots, hundreds of tons. Strange to say, potatoes, turnips, parsnips, and carrots could be piled on the barn floor with a bit of hay thrown over them, and they would never freeze, but keep sound and good through the long winters in that country, with snow often ten to fifteen feet deep on the ground for months.

The reason for the condition that kept off the hard freezes, was said to be on account of the Gulf Stream passing around the north coast of Ireland, and then through the Channel. The air never gets colder than the sea breeze from the Gulf Stream. That Ireland is much warmer than Scotland and

vegetation is more vigorous, is why Ireland is know as the Emerald Isle.

The cows had all the Aberdeen Turnips and Carrots they would eat, chopped up. The turnips were given the sheep whole, and let them hull them out to suit themselves.

The horses would also eat Swede turnips and they were fine for the kitchen, solid and crisp the entire winter through.

Father had hard times harvesting his wheat and oats and getting them into the barn in proper condition. The harvest comes at the latter part of August and the first of September. There is very little sunshine after harvest, so a fair day the stooks (shocks) would be opened and dried out and carted to the "Rick" where it was carefully stacked and the Rick carefully thatched, just as a house would be thatched. So that the grain would have air and at the same time be damp or water proof. When any amount was wanted for family use or the market, the Rick was opened at one end and the grain was put in the barn where it could be threshed, separated, kiln-dried and made ready for mill or market. We had a sheet iron kiln under which a fire would be made with peats,—it was quite a nice job to dry the grain just right.

The grain was threshed with flails without breaking the bundles or shares. That

was another nice job to get it just right and get all the grain out of the straw.

The tops of the bundles or sheaves were cut up for feed and the butts were kept for the thatching and bedding for the stock. I often think a Tennessee farmer knows little about it.

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The main road or causeway through the farm was built along side the Big Sheugh with access to the fields on either side. On the bank side of the Big Sheugh, there was planted a hawthorne hedge. This was kept well cropped and when in full bloom in the summer was a most beautiful sight. The Sheegie tree was along this road and hedge where the fairies met and danced on moonlight nights.

The dill-doos (water lillies), grew in the Sheugh and we also had the whinny knowe and the heather brae on either side of the Lint Dam, or pond where the flax was steeped. This pond was made by making a dam or levy across a ravine. The water was supplied by the burn from the well (spring branch). The flax was put in this pond and when sufficiently steeped, the gate in the "dake" was opened allowing the water to run off, so the flax could be carried to the braeside where it could be dried and ready for the Breakers. Afterwards it was sent to the scutcher and prepared for the market or the mills.

The flax crop is the principal money crop, a good deal like the cotton in Tennessee.

The flax does not seed in Ireland. So it makes the finest fibre in the world and the Irish linen is famous the world over. They get this lint seed from Russia for planting.

CHAPTER XIII

As said before, John Campbell and his wife took charge of Drumaboden, at the death of his father, William. The brothers, William S., Andrew, James and Patrick had to be prepared for life. William was sent to Belfast for a commercial education, Andrew went to Glasgow and Edinburgh for a literary and scientific education. They both got their degrees, came home and packed up for America about 1847. They landed at Philadelphia and made their way to Franklin, Tennessee, where there were three cousins, William P. Campbell and William and James Park.

They settled in Franklin where William S. was soon made cashier of the Franklin Branch of the Planters Bank of Tennessee, and Andrew took charge of the Forrest Hill Academy, six miles west on Carter's Creek pike.

Going back to Drumaboden, James and Patrick Campbell were sent to Glasgow and Edinburgh, James to have a medical education and Patrick to be educated for the ministry. They got their degrees in due course of time and decided they must also go to America. It was about 1848 that they came to Franklin, Tennessee, where the brothers had already settled.

Patrick was but a bit of a lad when his father and mother died, so he was practically raised by my mother.

Just in this connection I want to refute the American idea, (as far as the Campbells of Drumaboden are concerned), that when the oldest son inherited the homestead and appertenances under the old country law of Primogenature he turned the balance of the family out on the commons to "Root hog or die."

My father saw to it that his brothers were prepared for the battle of life, in fact they had a better chance than he had himself, as they had independence of action, while he had the old home which was free for all to come to and proved to be a "white elephant" in the end.

William S., Andrew and Patrick liked the new country and Franklin especially, but James did not like "America" and soon decided to go "back home," so he packed his kit and went back to Ireland and Drumaboden. He soon got an appointment as surgeon in the British Navy. While at home he taught me my A B C's.

He went away in H.M.S. vessel and they cruised in the Carribean Sea. He then took sick and died and is buried on the Island of Trinedad on the north coast of South America. His death was a hard blow to the Campbells of Drumaboden.

CHAPTER XIV

John Campbell and his wife, Martha Lytle, had seven children, namely: Margaret Stewart, Joseph Lytle, William Park, John Farquharson, Andrew George, Alicia Ann, and Patrick Lytle, all of whom were born in Drumaboden House.

In 1847, the time of the potato rot and famine in Ireland, John Campbell was appointed as "Queen's Commission" for the County Donegal. His duties were to look after the creature comforts of the poor people and see that they did not suffer for the necessities of life. His order given on the government store house at Londonderry would supply their immediate needs.

If there was any sickness among the people, he had a surgeon of the army stationed at Londonderry subject to his call to look after their ills. Strange as it may seem, even in their distressed condition the poor people were loath to take help from the government or the "Shachanash," as they called the English. They would say, "only for you Drumaboden" we would refuse altogether."

Father went by the name of Drumaboden altogether.

As is the custom, when smallpox broke out among the poor people, they refused to let the army surgeon vaccinate their children, but when father got the vaccine points, they made no objection to his vaccinating their "weans." This goes to show

the affection and trust they had in "Drumaboden."

It was during this time that the government had what was called the "Brochon Road" built. It was built to give the poor people work and help them along over the trouble brought on them by the famine. Those that worked on the road were to have their dinner (Brochon and milk), in addition to their two shillings per day. "Brochon" is what we would call mush in this country. It was made in large kettles out of Indian meal, that is, cornmeal from America that the government had brought over to help the hungry people. The native Irish recipe for Brochon, was:

"Put meal upon water, and salt upon that. Put that upon Coge and Blacht upon that."

To put it in good English it would be: Put meal in boiling water, add salt, when cooked, put it in a bowl and add milk and a spoon when it is ready for use.

The location of the Brochon road was near Ramelton. It seems there was a big peat bog or morass that required a trip of six or eight miles around, when only about a mile across. The Brochon road was built to overcome this condition. It was quite an engineering and novel undertaking and was in a measure under the care of my father as Queen's Commissioner for County Douegal. There were, of course, engineers and expert road builders.

They first cut "Sally trees," (we would call them Willows in this country), and they would be probably three to four inches in diameter and 25 feet long. They were laid as a mattress across the bog 25 feet wide and probably three layers thick. The mattress was then covered with flag stones as big as two men could carry on a "hand barrow." This was then covered with broken stones several inches thick, which were carried in "creels" (baskets), on a pole between two men's shoulders. Then grouting, (thin cement), was carried in buckets and poured over the mass, which cemented it together. It was then ready for the asphalt finishing.

The "Brochon Road" was considered a great achievement at the time it was built. The Willow trees soon took root and made a solid mass. I think I remember as a small lad going over it, that it swayed like a suspension bridge. The willow sprouts grew up on either side of the road, making it look somewhat like a bridge, and is there still as far as I know.

In 1850 trouble began brewing for the Campbells of Drumaboden. There was a mean streak in the British government at the time. It seemed that everything played into the hands of the Quasi Nobility, the Church of England and the English Landlordism in Ireland. They were all an ever present evil, particularly the Church of England and the Landlordism. It was a hardship and an outrage for the Irish peo-

ple, Presbyterian or Roman Catholic, to be made to pay tithes to the Church of England. As a matter of fact, they were only about one tenth of the population, this was finally abolished in 1869, but too late to do the Campbells of Drumaboden any good.

The House of Commons in the British Parliament was getting more powerful and conservative all the time. They were making laws for the relief of the middle classes, and at the same time cutting the power of the Quasi Nobility, the church, and the Landlords. In 1868 the disestablishment of the Church in Ireland was passed. The Tenant Right bill was passed allowing the tenant the value of his improvements. He could not be dispossessed as we were, but this all happened after we were safe and sound in Franklin, Tennessee, and, of course, did us no good.

Since the days of Mr. Gladstone, there has been many improvements in the government. The Land Purchase act in Ireland was a great thing for the people, allowing them to own their little homes, and at the same time get rid of the landlords.

Really, the British Government has gone to the other extreme now,—a man may be a good blacksmith, but not necessarily a good statesman.

I have no fight against the Church of England or any other church for that matter. I am a Presbyterian in belief. We worship God according to the dictates of our own

conscience, and are perfectly willing to allow everybody the same privilege. Personally, I have made it a point to not interfere with anybody's religion. That is a matter, as I see it, between the person and their maker.

I had a devout Roman Catholic once to say to me: "John, if all the Protestants were like you, we would not have any trouble in the country." I returned the compliment with interest.

Their trouble was the landlordism. There was an English landlord in the County Donegal that spent most of his time in London, by name, the Earl of Leightrim. He concluded to lease from the government all the lands of the "College Estates" and release to the present holders at a profit, of course.

The Campbells of Drumaboden's second 99 years lease would expire about 1858 or 59, so that they would be at the mercy of the Earl of Leightrim. It was a great hardship for gentle folks, that we claimed to be, to have to stand such treatment. Father and mother, of course, were in great trouble, they did not care to be held up, and the government sold them out, so to speak. So at the urgent advice of his three brothers at Franklin, Tennessee, father concluded to give up Drumaboden and come to America, although he would lose all the improvements on the place, which were his own property and which he could have held in spite of

them, if his lease had held over until the Tenants' Rights law, which passed about ten years later. Value not less than 3,500 pounds. ($17,500.) Father and mother concluded there was nothing left for them but to pull up and leave the old place that had been the home of the Campbells for nearly 200 years. It was simply dreadful on them and was an outrage that they should not have been called on to bear. The three brothers insisted that the five boys would have so many more opportunities in this country, which, of course, would have been so if the Civil War had not come on in less than ten years.

Well to make a long story short, everything was made ready to leave about August 1, 1851, no crops were planted that could not be gathered and disposed of before August the first. The live stock, horses, cows, sheep and pigs, fowls, etc., were all disposed of. Old Major, a big black coach horse, was the last to go, he and the jaunting car. This was an outfit out of the ordinary—Major was a big black coach horse with roached mane and a cropped tail, about six to eight inches long, which he carried a little elevated from straight out. The Irish jaunting car is a vehicle peculiar to itself. It has two wheels with rigid shafts, bound close to the horse's sides to pack saddle and so balanced, to prevent dumping. The driver's seat is in front and it has a seat for two on each side with an apron hanging

down over the wheels for the feet to rest on. There is a place in the middle, between the backs of the two seats which is called the "well" in which the "weans" were stowed away.

The steps lead up from the back to the well with a hand rail on each side. It was purely Irish and strictly a comical outfit, two persons on each side and the weans in the well and the liveried plug-hatted driver on the front seat, "oho!"

Everything was ready August the seventh for the trip to America. Old Tommie McGinnis, an old retainer of the family that father had inherited from grandfather, was provided for with a neighbor, Mr. William Malshead, who was to care for him. Tommie was totally blind and lived alone in a bit of a house fitted up very comfortably in the side of the yard; we all went to see him daily, light his pipe for him and hear his stories—he knew everything that was worth knowing—he was a great Genealogist, I did not remember his wife, Sheely, but the older children did. It seems that when she would be blowing about her ancestry, Tommie would say, "agt whiest Sheely wie your havers, shure you know that there were more of my people hanged for sheep stealing than there was of yours altogether."

The last we saw of Tommie he was sitting on the ship Quay at Ramelton with our sky terrier dog, Vulcan, in his lap. The Captain would not let us bring our dog along, which

we still think was an outrage. Old Tommie only lived a couple of years after we left. After father got to Franklin, he and uncles William, Andrew and Patrick got up a pony purse and bought a foreign Exchange Note on Londonderry and sent it to Tommie, care Mr. William Malshead. In due time they had a reply in which Tommie said that he had the money and he was the richest man in all Ireland."

When we left Ramelton, father, mother and seven children and nurse, Margaret Crawford, on the steamer to cross Lough Swilly to take the tramway to Londonderry, it seemed that the whole countryside was there to say "good-bye and Godspeed Ye," and the distress of the poor Irish at seeing Drumaboden and the Mistress, as father and mother were called, go off to America and leave them was pitiful, their expression of sorrow and distress was very touching.

"Oora Worra Morra! Oora Worra Worra! what will we do, noo that Drumaboden and the Mistress have gone away?"

In crossing the Lough we passed the wreck of the old Spanish warship, the Saldanna, a part of the great Spanish Armada that came over in Queen Elizabeth's time to conquer England and was destroyed by Sir Francis Drake, the famous English Admiral.

We soon reached Londonderry. Father had many friends there, among them, Mr.

Crosby, the big hardware merchant and he took my oldest brother, Joseph, to call on him.

Mr. Crosby gave him a large spring back knife, saying, "Joe take that along with you, you are going to a wild country—Indians and half civilized white people, you may need it." We regarded it as quite a protection, will hear more of it later on.

We at once took the steamer for Liverpool out Lough Foyle, on around by the Giants Causeway. I remember that we stopped to take on a lot of goats for the Liverpool market,—we were soon in Liverpool and aboard the good ship "Forrest King," Captain Hawthorne, bound for New Orleans.

The Forrest King was a big ship, a sailing vessel, of course, (there were few ocean steamers in those days)—a three-decker wooden vessel.

She was 340 feet long and had an eighty-foot beam, was a three master—fore mizzen and aft masts. She had a big brass lion as big as a cow crouched on her forecastle, the bowsprit coming out from under his breast between his front paws. I often sat on his back and watched the spray as we shot through the water before a fair wind.

The docks at Liverpool looked like stalls of water and every ship in its own stall.

The captain had all sails set, anchor hoisted and put out in the channel, pointing her prow to go out around France, and we were soon in the Atlantic and headed

around Spain toward Gibralter, which we passed, and pointed for the Cape de Verde Islands. We followed the Gulf Stream as nearly as possible, passing the islands.

The captain ordered the man at the jib and the man at the helm to set her prow west by south for New Orleans.

We had a long trip before us and it proved to be a very tedious one,—nine weeks from Liverpool to New Orleans—think of it! It could be made now in nine days.

We had a cabin passage—the best that was to be had—and all liberties of the ship. The captain's mate, Mr. Allen, took quite a fancy to all of us kids; we had the best of everything.

The large lifeboat, sixty feet long by ten feet beam, was on the main deck alongside the main or mizzen mast, keel up on spars about twelve inches thick under it, with all the ropes and tackle in place and made fast to the Davits, so that the big boat could be launched instantly in case of need. The place under the big boat was given to our crowd as a playhouse.

We were soon away in mid-ocean, plowing along, sometimes in fair winds and sometimes in foul winds. When the winds were foul the pilots would have to point and tack to make any progress; the wake of the vessel, looking back over the taf-rail, would look like a Tennessee worm fence except that the angles would be much wider.

We all passed the time very comfortably except mother dear, who was very much depressed anyway from leaving all her people—father, mother, three sisters and two brothers—behind, with little probability of ever seeing them again. Besides, she was seasick, more or less, every day for the entire voyage and of course she had an uncomfortable time.

The steerage passengers, about 500 of them, had a dreadful time. They were huddled in the middle deck—men, women and children all together like cattle in a pen. They were brought out every day, morning and afternoon, and marched fore and aft on the main deck for fresh air and exercise. Mr. Allen, the captain's mate, took us below several times to see their quarters.

On one of these occasions, a young Mick left his crowd and slipped under the big, long boat—poor fellow probably did not want to go back to the hole in the steerage.

Anyway, when we went under the boat, as was our custom, we found him there. Joe at once ordered him out. He was older than Joe and much bigger, so he declined to go and they at once came to blows. Joe had taken boxing lessons in school at Ramelton and was quite an expert for a boy and he soon had the Mick's eyes blacked and his nose bleeding—All William and I could do was to trip the Mick when Joe hit him and see that he went down. The Mick's weight began to tell on Joe, so he got out his big

Crosby knife and made a pass at him which sent him to a corner. Mr. Allen, the mate, hearing the racket, came to see what was up. He at once collared the young lad and made a sailor take him down the hatchway and to his quarters in the steerage and tell his people what had happened.

The mate took Joe to the pump and basin, washed his face and made him more presentable. He had a few bruises and scratches, but nothing to bother about.

By this time a crowd of sailors had gathered about. Two of them put their arms about each other, put Joe on their shoulders and paraded him fore and aft on the deck. Joe was the "cock of the walk" ever after that.

As we passed Gibralter, we saw several whales off on the starboard bow. One big one was spouting, which was a big sensation for us.

When the steward wanted fish, he would get a couple of sailors and they would cast a net over board about midship—after a little, they would hoist it in and have half a cart load of fish—from which he would select what he wanted.

He would do this every few days, which was another sensation for us.

Somewhere in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean, a poor woman in the steerage died and had to be buried overboard. Of course, this was a great distress to we children for a long time.

The shrouded body was laid over a board, a big stone about one-half the size of a nail keg put at the feet, a blanket was sewed stoutly around that, and then an old, heavy sail was wrapped around that, and bound with a heavy oakum cord.

When ready for the watery grave, the body was laid on a board, steadied on the side rail of the vessel, with a sailor on each side. The captain read the Episcopal burial service. We were all standing around bare-headed, and when the captain said "Amen," the sailors tilted the board and the body slipped into the sea and was soon out of sight. The mate told us that it went to the bottom and would stand upright until judgment day.

He told us that the water was very salt and very dense at the bottom of the ocean and the body would not decay. It made a great impression on us, and for myself it was years before I could get it out of my mind. We three boys, Joe, William and myself, were perfectly familiar with the ship from stem to stern and from keel hole where they stowed the ballast, to the top gallant yard-arm or crow's nest, where the outlook sailor had his seat. We knew all the nautical phrases and had scant respect for a landlubber, as the sailors called everybody ashore.

On one occasion when we were on the captain's bridge the lookout at the top of the mizzin called through his megaphone,

"Ship ahoy." "Where away," answered the captain? "Five points away from the starboard bow," answered the lookout. The captain called the pilots to port the jib five points a starboard; this was to make our ships bow point straight for the stranger. This was something new and we were all excitement.

The captain ordered his mate to go to the forecastle with his signals and order the stranger to "Heave to," that he wanted to speak to him. The stranger did not seem to understand the signals, so the captain ordered the gunner to send a round shot across his bow. We had a brass cannon on our forecastle mounted on a swivel so it would point in any direction. It was a four-inch gun about like those on the State Capitol grounds at Nashville.

The gun boomed and we saw the ball splash in the water ahead of the stranger. She hove to at once and we were soon in speaking distance by megaphone. Our captain's first order was, "Give your name and put up your color, where from and where bound and what is your cargo?" Getting her reply our Captain answered, "Forrest King, from Liverpool to New Orleans, merchandise and passengers."

The captain told us afterwards that there were pirates in the South Atlantic and Caribean Sea and he would not take any chances with strangers.

Of course that was a big sensation for us boys and we had something to talk about for days.

The next sensation a few days later was the call from the masthead, "Land ahoy." That was a glorious sound. The captain answered, "Where away," and the outlook called, "four points off the port bow."

The captain told us confidentially that it was Cuba. He ordered the pilots to point for the coast of Cuba. The news passed around even to the steerage and everybody was delighted.

We could soon catch the coast with the naked eye—a beautiful sight, palm and magnolia trees and every foliage of the richest kind.

Captain ordered the mate to cast anchor as he wanted to go ashore and see about getting some fresh water—the water casks on board were getting very low and stale.

We soon saw some boats coming and yellow men with white clothes and big broad hats. When they came alongside we saw they were loaded with oranges. Just imagine how beautiful they looked. As I remember, they were two dozen for 5 cents. The captain got a boat load of them and sent them down to the steerage passengers. He was a kindly man.

Unfortunately, we were becalmed there for nearly a week and the heat was simply

dreadful. There was not a breath of wind, and we couldn't move a knot.

When a little breeze struck up the captain ordered up every yard of sail she could carry. We had a little shower. I remember father got a tub and caught some rain water, but it was so tainted by the pine tar pitch in the rigging that we could not drink it.

Following the shower was a regular West Indies squall that hit us suddenly a broadside and put our ship almost on her beam ends. Fortunately, the big main sail split from top to bottom, otherwise we would probably have been wrecked. The mate and his trusty crew soon had the ship righted, put up the spanker sail and we were going before the wind for the Straights of Florida and soon into the Gulf of Mexico.

It was a dreadful scare we had, and a harrowing experience, particularly for the poor steerage passengers. If they had gone to the bottom they never would have known how it happened.

The Captain and crew would have hustled us into the big long boat and pulled us into Havana.

Mother dear was very much upset with it all and had to have us all gathered together and counted.

Father was a very level-headed man, a devout believer in the ever-watchful care of

the Heavenly Father. We could safely put everything in the hands of Providence and he told us all we would never die until our time came, be that on land or water.

From this distance, although he has been in his grave for fifty-three years, I still think what a wonderful man he was. He knew everything that was worth knowing and could tell it to you in such a way that you could not help but understand fully, and with it all, he was as modest and gentle as a woman. I shall never cease to be proud of him and my mother.

With a fair wind we soon passed through the Gulf of Mexico. It was dirty, black water and full of sharks, big, ugly fish ten to fifteen feet long. We could look over the rail any time and see them and the sailors would shoot and harpoon them for amusement.

Finally, we came to the mouth of the Mississippi river and had to wait for two tugs to come and pull us over the bar (that was before the days of the "Eads Jetties"), a steam tug made fast on each side of us, and this was another big excitement.

Captain Hawthorne was on the bridge of our ship, and Mr. Allen, the mate, everywhere on deck with a lot of sailors to carry out the captain's orders.

We three boys were at the rail, of course, to see what the tugs were going to do first on one side of the ship and then on the

other. The tugs finally started with a rush and the keel of our ship made a terrible noise as it went through the big sandbar.

When we got over the bar and into the fresh water, the ship went down a couple of feet. The mate explained to us that the fresh water was not as buoyant as the salt water.

The trip from the mouth of the river up to New Orleans about 100 miles was simply grand. We had father and mother dear and Maggie and the little children on deck all the time.

Mother dear got rid of the seasickness as soon as we got out of the Gulf salt water and air, and got into the broad Mississippi fresh water and fresh air.

We three boys were tickled to death with everything and would run from one side of the deck to the other as the ship neared one bank or the other as she followed the channel.

Everything was big—the big magnolia trees, with the big blossoms as big as cabbages and the big broad leaves. The big cypress trees, and so high that we could not tell what kind of leaves they had. We would run to Mr. Allen, the mate, to tell us about everything we saw.

The captain and the doctor went down in the steerage, examining the passengers and filling out certificates of a clear bill of health by families, so they could go ashore

as soon as the ship put her nose on the wharf at New Orleans. As I said before, everything was big. The trip from the mouth of the river to New Orleans was as much as across all Ireland from Londonderry to Belfast or Dublin.

The tugs finally pulled in, or put the big ship's nose in at the wharf at the foot of Canal Street

We three boys were in a great state of excitement. We were at the rail looking at the big street of the big city.

Maggie remarked casually that everything was "mighty big," but New Orleans did not have a wall around it like Londonderry. She still remembered the old home, and I might say in this connection, that she did not forget the old home until the day of her death in 1917.

When the stage was put out, the captain had all the steerage passengers lined up in families to go ashore, he and the doctor on one side of the stage and the custom house officer on the other side. The captain would hand the certificate to the customs officer and indicate the crowd that it covered. He would look wise at it and pass them down the stage, and such capering and cutting up when they got their feet on terra firma!

The captain would say, "Good-bye and good luck," to each family squad, and they

would reply, "Good-bye and God bless you, Captain."

These people were soon all ashore and they filled up a whole block of space in Canal Street.

About this time a middle-aged negro woman came up the stage with a basket of oranges on her arm and a little negro 4 or 5 years old hanging to her skirts. We could not tell whether it was a boy or girl as it had on dresses. Anyway it was the first little negro we had ever seen and we entirely forgot oranges and followed the woman and her child around until they left the ship.

There were other cabin passengers on the voyage, but we were the only children, and we were a lively crowd, Maggie, 14 years old; Joe, 12; William, 9; John (myself), 7; Andrew, 5; Alicia, 2½, and Patrick the baby. At the present writing there are only two of us left—Pat and myself. It may seem a bit strange that the boy of seven years is writing this story, but when you think that we all rehearsed and talked over this trip after we got to Franklin, it was the burden of our talk around the fireside before going to bed at night, and we had father and mother dear to refer to.

The whole thing is perfectly familiar to me to this good day, and I am the only one that has the legends and traditions of the family to go with it—hence my effort to write it.

CHAPTER XV

While at New Orleans we went ashore whenever we liked. Captain Hawthorne insisted on us staying on board the ship until the Cincinnati boat was loaded and ready to go up the Mississippi river.

After some delays the Cincinnati boat came alongside the ship and the captain had all our baggage put on board the river boat.

He and the crew had been busy all this time discharging his cargo. Among other things he had a big lot of Welsh slates for the roofing of the new Custom House at New Orleans (we saw it in course of construction while there). The slates were packed away in the keel hole for ballast. While the cargo was being discharged they were taking on a cargo of rice, sugar, molasses and cotton for Boston, their home port. We were very much interested in all this.

We had an affectionate leave-taking with Captain Hawthorne and Mr. Allen, the mate, and many of the sailors, and started up the river for Paducah, Ky., on the Ohio River.

The Cincinnati steamer, "The Queen City," was a side-wheeler and a fairly commodious boat, but looked, and was, cramped, compared to the old "Forrest King" that we had been on for such a long time.

The trip up the Mississippi was long and tedious—1,000 miles or more from New Orleans to Paducah—but everything was big and interesting to we three boys.

We had many stops at wood yards and there was much profanity by the mate—stopped a while at Natchez and again at Memphis. We finally put in at Paducah, Ky., and found another difficulty to face —no water in the Cumberland River and, of course, no boats for Nashville.

There was a little stern-wheel boat, with what they called a "Texas" for a cabin, going in a few days up the Tennessee River, so father took passage on it to Clifton, the nearest point to Franklin, which could be reached by stage (no railroads in those days).

While we were at Paducah, a new steamboat was being launched and we three boys, Joe, William and myself, went to see it, of course. We had on our only clothes—Campbell kilts, Scotch bonnets and plaid stockings. A lot of gamins (a dozen or more), spied us and shouted, "Look at the Dagoes," and made a run for us. Joe at once put William and myself behind him and got out his Crosby knife—and told them to "Come ahead, he was fixed for them." They soon made an offer of peace, and boy-like, we were soon chatting along pleasantly—they were wonderfully interested in us and our story of our long trip.

We finally got ourselves and baggage on the little stern-wheeler and started up the river to Clifton. The water was low and progress very slow. The mate seemed to be running the boat and what he lacked in speed, he made up in profanity. We three boys began to think "cussin'" was maybe a part of the American language. Seemed like the farther inland we got, the worse the "cussin'" seemed to get.

There was nothing to be seen but water and forest—principally the forests.

It was great sport for we boys to watch the progress of the little sternwheeler. The river was full of sand bars, and, of course, the pilot and the mate had all they could do to keep in the channel.

The mate would get out on the prow of the boat and heave the line and the lead (the line had three leather strings and a red rag tied on it), the red rag meant "Mark-twain" (12 feet), the leather string next the red rag meant one-fourth less twain (3 feet). After that "shoal water." Our (9 feet), the next was one-half less twain (6 feet), the next three-fourths less twain little sternwheeler was flat-bottomed and only drew two feet of water, so we could get by on three feet or more, but not on less than three feet of water.

The pilot explained it all to us as the mate heaved the line and called the depths of the water.

After about two days and a half from Paducah we landed at Clifton about noon on the last day of October. The mate ran out the plank and we boys were the first ashore, and up the bank of the river to the Rickets Tavern—Mr. and Mrs. Rickets were the proprietors—father and mother dear said they were very kind people. It was not much of a job for we boys to do the town as we could see it all from the front porch of the Tavern. Anyhow we soon got something to eat (mother dear was worn out, of course) and had to have a place to lay down and rest.

All our arrangements were made to take the early morning stage to Franklin. Supper over, we were soon in bed, and went to sleep thinking of the stage coach—we had never seen one before. My knowledge of a horse vehicle did not go beyond an Irish jaunting car.

When morning came, all was hurry, burry, before sunrise, getting ready for the stage coach trip to Franklin.

We finally got loaded up, father, mother dear, Maggie and the little children and nurse on the inside, and we boys on the top. There was nothing more to be desired, as far as we were concerned. A big stage coach with four horses and a driver with a whip long enough to reach the front horses! A two-horse wagon with the trunks and baggage.

We bade the clever Mr. and Mrs. Rickets good-bye, they never had such a bunch of tourists before or since, I am very sure.

We went in a sweeping trot through Mt. Pleasant, where he got fresh horses, then through Columbia, where we got fresh horses again, then through Springhill and fresh horses again. There never was anything like it before or since.

The driver would blow his bugle as he went into a town, that was another big sensation; and when he blew for Franklin we went wild with delight.

We came in by the Columbia Pike and turned to the right at the Presbyterian Church, then one block east and stopped in front of Mrs. Doyle's boarding house, about the middle of the afternoon, November 1, 1851.

Then we three boys were the first to hit the ground, and the others were soon out with us. Mrs. Doyle, a nice looking, iron-gray haired lady, a North of Ireland woman herself, gave us a kindly welcome. She was expecting us—Uncle Andrew and Uncle Pat boarded with her.

Soon the whole population of Franklin, it seemed, gathered to see the latest arrivals from Ireland—and we children with our Scottish costumes were the admired of all admirers.

The stage coach drove around the block to the Parrish's Tavern, changed horses and went on to Nashville.

If I remember right, the driver was Captain Kidd, the same that was conductor on the Columbia Accommodation train after the railway started, as long as he lived.

Mrs. Doyle sent a runner to the bank for Uncle William and to the Academy for Uncles Andrew and Pat. They all soon came in and we had a regular re-union of the Campbells of Drumaboden at Franklin, Tennessee.

My uncle William S. Campbell had married Margaret Campbell, daughter of his cousin, William P. Campbell, three or four years previous to our coming and they had two little boys, William C. and John A., the latter an infant. "Aunt Mag," as we called her, was a jolly, happy-hearted woman and we got to be very fond of her and she of us.

My uncle William S. had bought a farm a mile out west, on the Boyd's Mill Road, so father took possession of it until he could find another place. He gathered together horses, cows, pigs, farming implements and household furnishings, etc. We were soon settled as regular Tennessee farmers.

CHAPTER XVI

Uncles Andrew and Patrick Campbell had been regularly appointed as principals of the Harpeth Male Academy at Franklin. It was the famous school of Middle Tennessee at that time, they had both concluded to take up teaching as their life work.

It seems that their predecessor had lost control of the boys—whenever they wanted a holiday, they would simply lock the school house door and ride the teacher on a rail, if he made any serious objection. Messrs. Andrew and Patrick Campbell were made principals by the Trustees to overcome that particular trouble.

Andrew Campbell was fully prepared for just such emergency. He had taken boxing lessons at the University of Edinburgh, it was a part of the curriculum to anyone that so desired. So when the boys tried the "lock-out" and the "rail ride" on him, they soon came to grief. He soon blackened the eyes, and bled the noses of a dozen or more of them which—when the smoke cleared away—had established a lasting code of ethics for the Academy, as far as holidays was concerned.

They continued in control of the school until the time of the famous "Know Nothing Party" about 1856 or '57.

The "Know Nothings" announced that no place of honor or responsibility should be given to a foreigner. My uncles at once

resigned and Andrew Campbell opened a private school at Brown's Creek, about four miles south of Nashville, and Patrick Campbell opened a private school at Thibedeaux, Louisiana.

While they had charge of the Academy at Franklin, we three boys went to school there, and Joe and William finished there. Joe was a natural-born mechanical genius. He was a student of Mechanical Engineering at school, and when he finished he went to Nashville and took the position of draftsman and superintendent of the pattern-making department of Brennan's Foundry at the foot of Broad Street. William went to Nashville also and took a position of salesman in the wholesale dry goods house of Furman, Seawright and Company.

This was about 1858. Father and the family lived on Uncle William S.'s farm for several years. While there he used the North of Ireland methods. He had the ground plowed, as it had never been plowed before (the ground had been scratched from year to year, and would not produce anything). The neighbors were awe-stricken. I have heard them say, "Oh, Mr. Campbell, you will ruin your land, you plow it so deep it will all wash away." Father simply replied that the deeper the soil is plowed, the more moisture it will hold and will wash less in consequence.

About 1855 father brought a farm three miles out on the Carter's Creek Pike, which we moved to, and began making a permanent home for the family.

When Joe and William went to Nashville it left me (John), the big boy of the family, say 14 years old. We got along fine, we always had a good negro man and woman hired. (Father did not believe in owning negroes.) We generally hired them from an estate. I still remember affectionately Uncle Frank and Aunt Becky, who belonged to the Bishop Otey estate, real negroes. Father did not like for yellow negroes or mules to come on his place—no hybrid for him.

I could do as much and as good plowing as any man. I plowed in the summer and went to school in the winter.

Father and mother dear had letters from the old country from time to time. Mr. William Malshead wrote that the Earl of Leightrim had been shot from behind a hedge and killed by someone, no doubt that he had cheated out of their rights as he had done our family.

The Campbells of Drumaboden did not shed any tears over the Lord Earl. At this distance, I am still glad of it.

Mother dear got letters that her father and mother had both died near the same time, that was a great sorrow to us all, as

the older of us children remembered grandfather and grandmother well.

We had a great many friends in and around Franklin, notwithstanding the "Know Nothing" folly, as I now recall it. Many people from the neighborhood and Nashville as well, came to see father to get the straight of the British Government, manners and customs of the people, etc.

Among others I remember Dr. D. C. Kelly, a Methodist minister—the same that was later a famous colonel in the Confederate Army and one of General Forrest's gallant lieutenants. His mother was a Campbell from the North of Ireland, and probably a kinswoman of ours. After he had gone, I heard father say to mother, "Martha, dear, it dis'n'a tak muckle to mak a minister in this country."

CHAPTER XVII

My uncle William S. Campbell continued as cashier and manager of the bank at Franklin, until it closed and liquidated during the war.

Before the war a young Englishman, Mr. Jo L. Parkes came over and settled in Franklin, he was made teller and bookkeeper in the bank and continued with it as long as he lived, in various capacities. He married Lena Campbell, a sister of Mrs. William S. Campbell, but she only lived a few months. Later on he married Miss Louise Walker of Franklin. They had a family of two daughters and three sons, my good friends, James H. Parkes, of Foster & Parkes Company, is the youngest son. Jim is a fine fellow, a worthy son of worthy parents.

William S. and Margaret Campbell had a large family: William C., John A., James H., Maggie S., Thomas M., Lena N., Carrie S., Bradley J., and Henry R.

William C. married Hattie Moulton, they had no children. He is dead. John A., married Anna Hugely, had one daughter, he is dead. Wife and daughter live in Louisville, Kentucky. James H., married Minnie McConnel, they had a son and daughter, Harry and Maybel; Harry lives in New York, Maybel in Savannah, James H. in Nashville.

Maggie S. married Wiley White of Franklin. They have five daughters and

one son, living in Franklin, Mississippi and Alabama. Maggie and Mr. White are both dead.

Thomas M., married Artie Cook. They have two girls, Tom is dead, but his widow and the girls live in California.

Lena married Mr. McCorkle of Franklin, they have no children, but reared Park, one of Henry's boys.

Carrie married Rev. M. Martin. They have no children, live in West Virginia.

Bradley J. married Miss Maud Cayce of Franklin, they have three children, two girls and one boy, William S., lives in Memphis.

Henry married Goldie Brown of Nashville. They have two sons. Henry and the boys live in Arkansas.

After the war Uncle Andrew Campbell moved back to Franklin, and he and Uncle Patrick Campbell opened up the Campbell School. The old academy had gone out of existence during the war. They continued until Uncle Andrew died in 1892.

After the war, Uncle William S. Campbell organized the National Bank of Franklin. Ten men put in $5,000 each—William S. Campbell, Andrew Campbell, Fielding Glass, Enoch Brown, John B. McEwen, Dr. Cliffe, Mord Puryear, Dr. Henderson, Frank Hardeman and Jo L. Parkes. William S. Campbell was president until he died in

1881. Jo L. Parkes was cashier, I think, as long as he lived.

It was a National Bank, of course, and one of the first to begin business in Middle Tennessee and was noted for its safe and conservative conduct.

CHAPTER XVIII

Everything was progressing favorably with John Campbell and his family until the presidential election of 1860 came on, and the bitterness it caused between the North and the South. Unfortunately, there were four candidates. Mr. Lincoln, backed by the Northern anti-slavery and abolition element; Mr. Douglas, backed by the Northern Democrats and free soilers; Mr. Bell, backed by the old Whig party, but unfortunately, he had to carry the "Knownothing" appendix; Mr. Breckenridge, backed by the Southern Democrats and slave-holding element, which proved to be the ruin of the South in the end, as slavery had to go, the civilized world was against it.

My father was opposed to slavery, but strong in favor of the State's rights. He said the Southern people were compelled to secede to maintain their self-respect. The fact of the Northern people selling their slaves to the South and getting their money for them, and then dictating their emancipation was simply intolerable.

Lincoln was elected, of course, and was inaugurated March 4, 1861, and the Civil War was on. Unfortunately the old man was an infidel—he, of course, believed a man lived and died like a hog, and he practiced his belief.

As I am writing about the Campbells of Drumaboden (in Tennessee now), this in-

cident happened during the campaign: Mr. Bell had a big following in Tennessee, particularly in Nashville. His supporters were having a big parade—"Bell Ringers," they called themselves—each fellow had a good-sized bell in his hand which he rang vigorously and added the usual amount of noise for such occasions.

They were marching around the square on the sidewalk. Furman, Seawright & Company's store was on the south side of the square, the second door from the corner of Front Street. A lot of persons were standing in the door looking at the parade and among them was my brother, Joe Campbell. He called out, "Hurrah for Breckenridge!" One of the "Bell Ringers" reached over and hit him on the brow with his bell. Joe generally carried a pair of brass knucks in his pocket (there was no law against them then), and he slipped them on and gave the ringer a touch in the butt of his ear that sent him head first to the street. Of course, his friends took his part but Joe, being an expert boxer, sent any of them the same route that came in his reach.

Mr. Seawright and Andrew Campbell pulled Joe into the store and closed the door on the crowd, and sent for Dr. Buist to repair his brow where the bell hit him. These friends gave us the account of it afterwards.

Before the election my brother William, had moved to Florence, Ala., to take the

position of confidential clerk for Mr. John McAllister, the head of the firm of McAllister-Simpson & Company, a large planters' supply concern at Florence. He went into the army from there. He joined Col. W. A. Johnson's cavalry regiment and saw service with General Roddy and with General Forrest in many of their strenuous expeditions, and surrendered in the summer of 1865 with Forrest's troops.

He went back to Florence and took his position in the McAllister store. When they closed up their business, he opened a dry goods store of his own and afterward was in the banking business.

In 1870 he married Miss Sarah Andrews. They had three children, Robert, Mattie and Sarah. Robert and Mattie died in childhood. The dear mother died when Sarah was born, so that she was taken by her maternal grandmother. When she grew up to womanhood most of her time was spent with her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Campbell, in Natchez, Miss. She married Mrs. Campbell's nephew, Mr. Marshall Gaither. They are now living in Nashville and have three children, Ann H., Mary V. and Marshall, Jr.

My brother later married Mrs. Mary Coffee O'Neal of Florence. They had one little boy who died in infancy. He died himself in February, 1923, and his widow is still living at Florence, Ala.

When Lincoln was inaugurated, he called for troops to subjugate the South. Joe Campbell joined the Rock City Guards, the first troops to enlist. When they were counted, there were enough men for three companies, A, B and C, First Tennessee Regiment of Infantry. Joe was a member of Company C.

He still continued at his work at the Brennon Foundry, as he was getting up a battery of brass Cannon for the army. He finally got the guns finished and properly mounted. They were beauties, too, and afterward made famous as Captain John Morton's battery with General Forrest's forces, they saw hard service in many hard fought battles.

Captain Morton's battery was conspicuous at the battle of Chickamauga, September, 1863. It was close quarters, and the little Nashville guns were a terror when double shotted with canister.

Again at Brice's Cross Roads, or Tishamingo Creek, in May, 1864, they did fine service, although they were outclassed by the long-range guns of the Yankee under General Sturgis.

At this battle, however, Forrest's troops captured three batteries of six guns each, one of which was four-inch "Rodman," considered the best gun of the times.

General Forrest gave Captain Morton the Rodman Battery and as the Nashville guns were badly worn from hard service, Cap-

tain Morton dumped them in Tishamingo Creek so the Yankees could not get them if they should come that way later.

When Captain John Morton was Secretary of State, 1905, he spent several days on Tishamingo Creek hoping to recover at least two of the guns, and I was to have one of them.

The Mississippi rivers and creeks generally have quick-sand bottoms so that there is no telling how far down the guns went. I was very much disappointed, as well as the captain, in not getting them.

Joe Campbell should never have been allowed to go on the firing line in the army. A man with his genius and mechanical ability could have accomplished so much more for the country in the Engineering Department.

While Joe was at Brennon's, he perfected a model for a seagoing twin-screw vessel. For a motor he had a large clock spring so geared that he could put off the boat at the foot of Broad Street with the rudder so set, as to bring the boat to his feet after a wide circle. The boat model was about three feet long.

When the Yankees came to Nashville, they plundered the Brennon foundry, like everything else, and carried Joe's model off with them. It was not long until we saw an account of a twin-screw seagoing vessel being turned out by the Philadelphia navy

yard; in all probability it was from Joe's model.

In the winter of 1860-61, I was going to school at the academy in Franklin. It was then located on "Hardbargain Hill," where the Mt. Hope Cemetery is now. Dr. Jas. P. Hanner and George Hill were the principals and had a large crowd of boys, many grown-up boys.

CHAPTER XIX

As I remember, it was the first Monday in May, 1861, we assembled at school as usual, ready for books. Dr. Hanner announced that he wanted to make a speech and, of course, the boys were ready for anything.

He began by asking us if we saw the new flag on the courthouse Sunday. He said that meant war, the Yankees were coming down to destroy our country and we had to prepare to fight them.

He said he was going to get up a company for the army, and any of the big boys that wanted to join his company, if their people were willing, to just form a line in the main aisle in the school. As I remember it, there were forty-three boys in line. He told the balance of us to get our books and go home, that school was out indefinitely.

Doctor had Bill Soul, who had been a Fifer in the Mexican War (Bill was the son of old Bishop Soul of the Methodist Church). He also had a big yellow negro, Harrison Sumner, who was a local drummer.

Out of the front door of the school Doctor ordered the boys "Forward march," and they filed out of the school house. Bill and Harrison struck up the "The Girl I Left Behind Me," and we marched down town, Dr. Hanner leading. (I don't know what became of Mr. George Hill, but from this dis-

tance, about sixty-three years, it seems to me that George had more talent for whipping school boys than he had for whipping Yankees.) The smaller boys strung along behind the forty-three big boys according to size. We turned to the left at the Presbyterian Church and marched down Main Street to the public square. As we went along, big boys in the stores and on the street fell in line and when Doctor stopped in front of the courthouse he had 110 men, all young, stalwart fellows, except old Loring Wooldridge, who was sixty-five years old.

Dr. Hanner's Company was afterward mustered into the army as Company D, First Tennessee Infantry, Confederate States Army.

William B. Campbell, a cousin of mine who was in Company D, was mortally wounded and died at the Battle of Perryville. My brother, Joe, was also in the Perryville fight, but fortunately escaped unhurt.

Knoxville, Oct. 28th, 1862.

Dear Father and Mother:

Since I last wrote you from Bardstown, Ky., we have seen a pretty hard time.

First, we marched from Bardstown to Harodsburg in two days and a half, marching all day and cooking at night. After resting one day there, we were ordered to pack up and prepare to meet the enemy,

(that was on the evening of the 7th). We then marched back to Perryville and stacked arms on the "line of battle" about 12 o'clock P.M., threw out pickets, spread our blankets and slept undisturbed till 7 o'clock next morning when we were aroused by the booming of cannon about three miles to the right. We remained in our position until 11 o'clock, when we were ordered around to the right where we lay under cover of a slight hill for about an hour. The shells were falling pretty fast, and one of Company A had his arm torn open by a fragment of one.

Adjutant General Malone then rode up and orderd, "Strip your knapsacks, boys, and prepare to go in." "Shoulder Arms! Right Face! Forward March," from Col. Field, and away we went around the end of the hill by the left flank, "March!"—and we marched in line of battle through a woods at the other side of which the 9th Tennessee Regiment is charging the first Yankee battery. The bullets are flying pretty fast, and Captain is shot through the bowels. Two or three others are wounded. "Lie down" is the order. Some of the boys lie down and some get behind trees. I saw no tree to get behind, so I sat down in front of one. I see two men carrying a wounded one on a litter. They beg me to help them, and I help them to carry him about 100 yards and fearing we might be ordered to charge while I was gone, return and find a

bullet hole in the tree where I had been sitting. A loud cheer announces that the 9th have taken the battery.

There is another about half a mile off throwing shells into us and some men are killed by them. General Polk and staff ride up, "What command is this?" inquires the General. "1st Tennessee Regiment, sir," "I can depend on you, silence that battery, rise and charge." And we did.

Dear Father and Mother, it was glorious, but it is terrible. We ran down the hill from the first battery which is now ours, over three fences, across a corn field, over another fence into the field where the battery is. Supported by a Brigade of Infantry our brave boys falling every step up to within 30 yards of the enemy's guns, we are ordered to halt and commence firing, then the slaughter was awful on both sides.

Billy Campbell, mortally and Thomas Carl, badly wounded, Morgan and John Smith killed, and a great many more whom you know, but I have not space to mention. We had to fall back now, to keep from under a crossfire and allow our left to come up, but regained our ground and drove the Yankees from the field.

I escaped without a scratch, except a hole through my hat.

Your affectionate son,

JOE L. CAMPBELL.

The First Tennessee Regiment, of which Joe was afterwards Lieutenant and Color bearer, was in Maney's Brigade, Cheatham's Division, in General Bragg's Army. After Bragg's Army came out of Kentucky, they took up a strong position at Murfreesboro, hoping to stop the movement of the big Yankee army, then at Nashville, from going further south.

General Bragg, while at Murfreesboro collected many new recruits from Tennessee and Kentucky. Of course, the Yankees got heavy re-inforcements from the north, until they reached about 65,000 men. General Bragg had about 40,000 men, but every man was a personal hero.

Some time in early November, Joe came home on a furlough for a few days, and again at Christmas for a few days.

On the 27th day of December, 1862, the Yankees, under General Rosecrantz, were ordered to move against Bragg at Murfreesboro.

All the Confederate soldiers at Franklin made haste to join their comrades at Murfreesboro before the battle which was sure to come off in a few days at the furthest.

Joe Campbell, Tom Shute, Berry Morgan, Bob Cheatham and myself to bring Joe's horse back home, started for Murfreesboro bright and early on Saturday, December 27, 1862, hoping to get there that night or before the Yankees could get there. At about noon we got to Triune, where we

could hear the skirmishing between the Yankees and our troops across the country at LaVergne on the N. & C. Railway.

We stopped in front of a house which proved to be the home of Col. John Claybrook. He advised us not to go any farther on the Murfreesboro road but to make a detour to Eagleville and take that road into Bragg's army. The colonel insisted that as dinner was just ready, we must come in and dine with him, an invitation we were only too glad to accept. Colonel had two sons (Fred and Sam in the C. S. A.).

Dinner over, we took an affectionate leave of the kind old colonel (none of us ever saw him again) and made our way to Eagleville. We could hear the skirmishing growing more intense as we hurried along.

When near Eagleville, we stopped at a farm house, Mr. Spratt's, to spend the night and feed and rest our horses. (I think the deepest feather bed I ever saw before or since we slept in at Mr. Spratt's.)

Sunday morning when we got out, we still heard the skirmishing between Murfreesboro and us. Mr. Spratt advised us to make another detour to a village he called Rover, on the Shelbyville and Murfreesboro pike, which would carry us entirely around the skirmishing. So we bid Mr. Spratt goodbye and, as I see him now at this distance, more than sixty-one years, he was a middle-

aged, kind-hearted fat man, intensely Southern in sentiment.

We soon reached Rover and the Shelbyville pike and started a brisk gait toward Murfreesboro, as the day was waning fast.

The other boys were better mounted than I was. Joe Campbell had our sister Maggie's saddle-mare a splendid animal which the Yankees took away from me before the week was out, much to my sorrow. The other men had good horses; but mine was an old, one-eyed, gray mare from the farm at home—her principal distinction was that she seemed to be immune to the Yankees, as they raided our stables several times and always left her alone.

We finally reached a village called Salem, about six miles southwest of Murfreesboro, just before sunset. There was a Confederate battery of five guns in position on a high place in the pike ready for action, as they were expecting the Yankees any time. We passed through the battery and it opened fire at once on the Yankees who had come in sight down the pike just where we had come from. We, therefore, felt ourselves very lucky to get within the Confederate lines as we did.

We then went across to the Franklin pike, where the boys left me at a farm house with a Mr. Enoch Dixon and they made their way to the Regiment which was camped in Hardin's woods over on the Wilkerson pike, a few miles farther to the northeast.

It was dreadful on me to part with the boys—particularly my dear brother, not knowing if I would ever see him again—as the battle was likely to come on any day.

The Dixon family, the old gentleman, the old lady, a boy about my own age and some smaller children—were all very kind to me.

The next morning, Monday, before noon, the skirmishing began between Wharton's Texas Cavalry and the Yankees. Sometimes we were in the Confederate lines and sometimes in the Yankee lines.

One of the times the Yankees had us. They went to the stable and put a halter on my sister's saddle-mare—a dozen or more of the vandals. I, boy-like, caught hold of the halter line and tried to keep her, but to no purpose, of course. One of the Yankees said, "Hit the d— little red-headed Rebel a blow with your saber and get rid of him." Of course, I had to let go—what could a boy do with the cut throats! I was so distressed and mad, the only recourse I had was to despise the Yankees and I have kept it up with some regularity until this good day. I had chances along during the war to punish the Yanks and I sure did not forget them.

Next day Tuesday, December 30th, was more exciting, if possible, than Monday. There were several clashes between the Confederate Cavalry under General Joe Wheeler—and the Yankees under General Stanly, I think, in one of which Wheeler's men captured a battery of five guns, much to my

joy, as I saw the very act and would have loved to have taken a hand.

I saw Wharton's Texans set an ambush for the Yankee Cavalry that turned out fine.

There was quite a strip of wood just across the Franklin road from the Dixons' home—Wharton's men were holding this—and across a stubblefield of 100 acres or more, there was another woods in which the Yankees were posted.

I saw the Texans opening the rail fence by turning the rails of two panels together —which would leave an opening of two panels.

Wharton stationed a big lot of men behind clumps of blackberry bushes that were in the woods and they sent out a strong skirmish line to attack the Yanks—it was very spirited for awhile.

Finally, the Yankees came out of their woods, two regiments strong. We learned from the wounded of the fight that it was a regiment each of Illinois and Indiana Cavalry—probably 1,200 strong. Of course, the Texans had to beat a hasty retreat. They hurried through the openings in the fence and passed between the briar bushes; many of them dropped off their horses and found places with their comrades.

When the Yankees came charging across the stubblefield, to a novice like me, it looked like there were enough of them to tie and carry the Texans off. They were armed

with breech-loading Maynard rifles, as we found after the fight. The Texans were armed with double-barreled deer guns (their own home guns) loaded with fourteen buckshot to the barrel. They held their fire until the Yanks began to pass through the openings in the fence.

They raised up (300 or more of them) and let the Yankees have a volley point blank in their faces and the first ranks, men and horses, went down in a struggling mass. The Texans let them have the next volley, which was more destructive than the first. About this time, General Wharton, with his main force, charged the disorganized and panic-stricken Yankees and drove them in disorder across the stubblefield, killing and capturing many of them. Young Dixon and I could see it all. We were out of the line of firing and, of course, in no danger. It was now late in the afternoon and we went over to see the result of the battle. It was simply dreadful—men and horses piled up, dead and dying. I hoped that the Yankee that got my little mare was among them.

This had been a very exciting and eventful day, but we dreaded the morrow. No telling what would happen, as we were between two hostile armies. We could see off to the right, less than a mile away, the campfires of the Confederate army—Wheeler's Division of Cavalry on the south side of the Franklin road. Four Infantry Divisions

(Cleburne's, McCown's, Withers' and Cheatham's), stretched north from the Franklin road over to the Wilkerson Pike, with Breckenridge's Division on the north side of Stone's River, say about 40,000 men all told.

Along Overall's Creek, a mile or more away, the camp fires of the Yankee army—as we found out afterwards—was made up of Stanley's Division of Cavalry, on the south side of the Franklin Road, and on the north side of the road along Overall's Creek in the order named—Kirk's and Willich's brigades of Infantry, then the following divisions—Johnson's, Davis', Sheridan's Negly's, Palmer's, and after the battle opened, Rensau's and Crittenden's came as reinforcements, somewhere in the neighborhood of 65,000 men.

We learned from prisoners next day that the entire Yankee army had orders to attack Bragg at 7:30 in the morning, Wednesday. December 31, 1862.

General Bragg's scouts brought in the same information and he issued an order to his commanders to attack the Yankees at 5 o'clock in the morning, which they did promptly.

It was a cold, bleak, gray morning. Just at daylight we saw the movement in our army, and soon the wild charge of Cleburn's and McCown's men—two divisions, 15,000 to 16,000 — in an every-man-for-himself rush.

The only way to distinguish organizations was by the little battle flag leading each regiment. (It exploded my school boyish idea that was shown by the school book pictures of soldiers marching in a display line to a charge.)

Well, the Confederates went pell-mell into the Yankee camp—Kirk's, Willich's and Johnson's commands, (they had not gotten up yet out of their tents). Kirk was killed and a good part of his men, and Willich and the bulk of his brigade was captured. I saw them when they were marched to the rear, many of them as they were hauled out of their tents in their night clothes. There was a regiment of Kentuckians, a regiment of Indianans and a regiment of Germans. Many of the latter could not speak a word of English. General Willich himself was a German. The Confederates called them "Bounty Jumpers. It was a motley-looking gang.

The Dixon boy and I captured a straggler in the Dixon barn. He handed over his gun, a brand, spanking new Enfield rifle to us, saying, "Got sake, no kill me, I no shoot no gun at you—see der ish dirty-nine cartridges mit de box and one mit de gun." Dixon wanted to run the bayonet through him but I objected, as I did not want to have to bury him. We found a couple of dead Yankees in the barn lot the day before and Mr. Dixon made us bury them, but we did not put

them too deep—the ground was too hard. They would not have any trouble in hearing the blast of Gabriel's trumpet. It takes a lot of glory out of war to see the dead being buried (we saw the Confederates at it). They would dig a ditch 6 feet wide, 2 feet deep and as long as was necessary, and would lay the poor boys, side by side, head to feet every other row, pull their hat or cap down over the face and cover them up, putting a bit of board at each head with a number on it, to save the record.

The battle lasted all day long on Wednesday. Cleburne's and McCown's Divisions went in on the Yankees pell-mell, Withers' and Cheatham's Divisions joined in promptly to the right. The sound of the battle was going from us all the time, so that we knew the Confederates were routing and driving them steadily, which they did all day long—over a space of five miles—but at what a dreadful loss! Between 8,000 and 9,000 men were killed and wounded.

Of course, the Yankees' loss was very much larger in killed and wounded (about 12,000) besides 54 pieces of artillery and 6,000 men prisoners, but they were not as badly hurt as we, as they had fresh reinforcements while we had none. Anyhow, they had a lesson that they did not forget—with their heavy reinforcements, they did not attempt to attack the Confederates next day.

Thursday, everything was as quiet as a graveyard—looked like the whole country was covered with dead men. The wounded were soon gathered up; in fact, the Infirmary Corps followed up as close as possible on the firing line. I walked and walked until I was tired out, trying to hear something of my brother Joe. I was astonished how little the average soldier knew of anything outside of his own command. I got back to the Dixons' heart-sick and tired out after dark.

Friday morning we had a big excitement. The Franklin road was full of mules with harness on—east and west—as far as we could see, Confederates leading them and following them, to keep them together.

After they all passed, three officers stopped at the Dixon gate and asked if they could get some breakfast. They proved to be General Wheeler, General Buford and Col. Morgan (afterward Senator Morgan from Alabama). They had been on a raid in the rear of the Yankee army, and had captured and destroyed 800 army wagons, and brought the mules, more than 3,000 of them, to and within the Confederate lines.

The mules were a regular God-send to Bragg's army, a pity they could not bring the wagons out also. The boys were much distressed that they burned the paymaster's wagon loaded with greenbacks.

After General Wheeler's troops all passed I started out again and spent the whole day

(saw nothing but dead Yankees now—all the Confederate dead had been gathered up and buried), seeking and failing to get any tidings of my brother, so came back to the Dixons' again.

Saturday morning, I started out again, determined to follow the battleline until I came to the outpost, knowing well that if my brother, Joe, was still alive he would be there. About the middle of the afternoon I saw a Confederate vidette in a little skirt of woods and made my way to him. To my delight it was a Franklin boy—one of Company D—Ennis Brown. In a half-whisper, he said, "John what in the world are you doing here?—the Yankees are not two hundred yards from here—I am on the very outpost."

I told him, of course, I was hunting for Joe and had been ever since the big battle. He told me that Joe was wounded and was in the hospital—the old Soul College in Murfreesboro. He told me about the dreadful charge they made on a superior number of the Yankees, how they had to divide to right and left to pass an old brick kiln in an open field (I saw the old brick kiln), said Joe rushed forward with the colors to rally the regiment on the other side of the kiln, and jumped up on a stump and set his flagstaff firmly in the top of it so the boys could not fail to see it, which action, of course, drew the Yankee fire from every direction. He said the boys could not see how in the world

Joe could live, he finally fell from the stump and they thought, of course, he was killed, but when they drove the Yankees off the field, some comrade came back and found Joe was not killed, but seriously wounded, and at once put into an ambulance and sent to the Division Hospital, where Dr. Buist was in charge.

Ennis Brown directed me how to get to the hospital. I took the Wilkerson pike toward the river; but when I got to the river I found the Yankees had burned the bridge before they were driven away. I walked up the river to the railroad bridge which was still standing and crossed on the tie timbers. I soon found the hospital and found the ward and room Joe was in. There were six men in the room lying on straw pallets and Joe was one of them. I was so tired and the hospital smell so sickening, that I had to just lay myself down beside the dear boy.

CHAPTER XX

Before midnight, everything was in a turmoil. We were told that General Bragg had ordered the army to abandon Murfreesboro and fall back to Tullahoma and Shelbyville, and we were to be left to the tender mercies of the Yankees.

After the brilliant victory that had been won over the Yankees, this was heartrending now, particularly for the poor boys that were lying wounded and unable to take care of themselves.

The Yankees had received heavy re-inforcements, and the Confederates were much weakened in men from the losses in the big battle with no re-inforcements. General Bragg had to fall back to save his army. Anyhow, the fruits of all the valor of the gallant men were lost. It seemed to be our fate from the very beginning.

The Confederates often fought the Yankees two or three to one and drove them from the field; but what could they do when a fresh army of as many or more came on the scene?

Upon examination of Joe's wound, I found that the bullet had hit him about seven or eight inches below the knee—flattened and passed between the shin bone and the leg bone, and was cut out at the back of the leg—making a very ugly and painful wound, the shin bone being shattered somewhat.

Sunday, I was out making an effort to get some kind of conveyance that would enable me to get Joe away before the Yankees came in—but I could find nothing for either love or money. I had no money—but Confederate—and it had but little value in the face of the Yankees coming. That was the gloomiest Sunday I ever spent—looked to me like the world had come to its end. All that was needed to make a finish was to blow the lights out.

Wheeler's Cavalry was skirmishing with the Yankees all day as they advanced upon Murfreesboro. About the middle of the afternoon the Yankees got several batteries planted close enough to shell the town and as our hospital was on that side, we were just in the line of fire. The wounded boys had me to sit in a window and report to them where the shells were going. Some of them came very close to us, but fortunately Wheeler's men kept the line of battle along both sides of the river which was about a half a mile west of us and we escaped on that account.

Monday morning the Yankee troops, Infantry and Artillery, began to file into town and we felt the full force of being at the mercy of a ruthless enemy. They at once took charge of the hospital and put their doctors and nurses in charge; much to the sorrow of our wounded men, as they expected little sympathy from the Yankees.

On Wednesday, it was announced that everybody that could be moved would be taken to Nashville and possibly to northern prisons.

Joe and I talked the matter over and we though best for me to make my escape if possible, and not take the chance of going to a Northern prison.

The old college which was our hospital and prison had a cedar picket fence around it and there was a Yankee guard walking back and forth on each side of the lot.

Thursday was a dark, foggy morning. I bid Joe good-bye in case I did not come back. I walked down to the back of the premises. The guard on the back or west side stepped around the corner to speak to the guard on the south side. I saw a picket out where the pigs had been going through, that led into a gully or ravine covered with bushes; so I stepped through and went down the ravine as fast as I could go, on down to the river which was about half a mile. Into the river I went; the water was about to my waist, a little bit cool, the time being the 8th day of January. Anyhow, I was soon in the cedars on the west side of the river and free from the Yankees for the time being, at least. It was simply grand to get away, except I was heart-sick leaving my dear brother.

When the sun cleared off the mist and fog, I could see to make my course through the cedars a little south of west, which

proved to be just right; for when I came to the open fields, I could see Mr. Dixon's old sweeping cotton press. It was the kind with a big screw and long levers A-shaped.

I was soon at the Dixon house. Mrs. Dixon made me welcome, gave me some dry clothes to put on while she dried mine and put me in hiding, afraid the Yankees would be scouting for me. In fact, they fired at me from the Franklin road bridge as I crossed the river, but I was beyond their range. The old lady said she never expected to see me again.

The next morning Friday, I was up bright and early to find and rub up and saddle my old one-eyed gray mare and strike out for Franklin, not knowing if I would ever get there.

I put both of the saddle blankets under my saddle and tied the other saddle on behind, bid the kind Dixons good-bye, and never saw any of them again.

I mounted and started for Franklin about 30 miles away. It is a very lonely road at best. I did not see anybody until I got to Triune in Williamson County. It was getting pretty late when I came in sight of Franklin, and I did not know, of course, whether there were any Yankees there or not. I got over the Murfreesboro bridge and turned south in the first alley, so as not to go through town any more than possible. I knew exactly how to go through the back way and hit the Carter's Creek

Pike, and was soon at home, but, after dark. I saw a glimmer of light in the dining room window (the only lights we had in those days were from homemade tallow candles) and it was home and looked mighty good to me. I rode old "Gray" around in the back yard and threw the line over a hitching post. The old jaded nag began to neigh to show her appreciation of being home again; the other horses and colts answered her a welcome so I felt sure the Yankees had not carried off all our stock.

I hurried up the steps on to the back porch and into the dining room where I found them all at a modest supper—father, mother, my sisters, Maggie and Alicia, and younger brothers, Andrew and Pat.

It was a happy reunion and if I could only have brought Joe home with me, there would have been nothing more to be desired.

The only news the homefolks had of the battle was the Yankee version, which was, that the "Grand army of the Union" had overtaken the Rebels at Murfreesboro, had killed and captured the most of Bragg's army, and the remnant, a disorganized rabble, was in full flight, that Maney's Brigade, of which the First Tennessee was a part, was practically exterminated by the Union Regulars. As a matter of fact, when the First Tennessee struck the Fifth Regulars, they sent the Regulars off the field like chaff before a wind.

The Yankees had a regular stereotyped battle report that they used on all occasions and always wound up by saying, "And the colored troops fought nobly."

I soon gave the homefolks a true version of the battle, and it was bad enough, goodness knows, with Joe, dear boy, left in a prison hospital, to be sent north, no telling where or what horrors to be endured. A few days later we heard that he and others had been taken to Nashville and put on a Cincinnati boat and from Cincinnati would be sent by rail to Johnson's Island in Lake Erie.

We were much distressed over this news, as we had a horror for a Yankee prison and particularly Johnson's Island. They were all bad, but it had the worst name of any of them.

The Northern newspapers used barrels of printer's ink abusing and villifying the Southern people about Andersonville, Ga. It was no summer resort, I am willing to admit, but it was an elysian field, as compared with Johnson's Island.

The Confederacy gave their prisoners the same rations they gave the army, and it was scant enough at times as the Confederate soldiers often had nothing but parched corn. The rations that were not thought fit for their soldiers, the Yankee Government sent to the prisons "to feed the Rebels" as they called it—entirely unfit for any human

to eat and not enough of it at that. When the poor boys would slip out to the garbage pile to pick up scraps to prevent starvation, the Yankee guards would shoot and kill them.

Joe, dear boy, spent eight months in that villainous place.

An incident happened at the boat landing at Nashville, when the wounded were being sent to Cincinnati, that estranged my father and his first cousin, William P. Campbell, for the remainder of their lives, and justly so, as far as my father was concerned.

William P. Campbell was a Union man (which was his privilege) but it did not excuse him from not having a human heart. His father was born in Drumaboden House the same as I was, but, unfortunately, he was born in East Tennessee which probably made him heartless. Anyway, he was on the boats that were being loaded with the wounded "Rebels" as he called them. Joe asked him if he would not go uptown and tell Mr. Seawright or Uncle Andrew Campbell to come down to see him. He thought they might be able to do something for him —at least get him some warm clothing to meet the terror of the winter at the Johnson Island prison.

The old cold-blooded man that was a disgrace to the name he bore, said, "No, I can't

do it, you are a Rebel and getting the rights you are fighting for." There never was such a cold-blooded thing ever happened in a civilized country, and he boasted of being a Christian!

My father had a sentimental idea that anybody that had the blood of the Campbells of Drumaboden in their veins, could not do a mean thing. He claimed that their ancient and noble blood had flowed through heroes ever since the flood," but William P.'s action gave him a bit of a jolt.

He had lost the respect of the Franklin people, but fortunately his family retained their rightful place in the community.

CHAPTER XXI

At home we were busying ourselves, getting things in shape to plant our usual crop in the spring. For my part, I was more inclined to the plowhandles than to the "sword and Spurtle blade" and thought it best to try to keep the wolf away from the door, instead of setting myself up to be shot at by two or three Yankees. With the help of my two younger brothers, Andrew and Pat, in the fields, and my two sisters, Maggie and Alicia, in the house, we managed to keep the wolf away, but could not keep the Yankees away.

It is still fresh in my memory when the Yankees drove up with six four-mule wagons and loaded up with our corn and drove off without even saying "thank you" or a cent of pay. Of course, I still hate the Yankees. I have taught my children to hate them, and give the grandchildren a lesson as they grow big enough to understand.

I guess it is the "Deil damn you Donald" that is in my blood.

The latter part of February, 1863, the 2nd Michigan Cavalry, of which old Shafter was colonel, camped on us (the same old tub that commanded the U. S. Army in Cuba, the same that sat under the bank of Sibony, drinking iced lemonade while General Joe Wheeler of the Confederacy drove the Spaniards to final surrender at Santiago—Gen-

eral Jo Wheeler did the work and old Shafter got the credit).

Old Shafter and his orderlies occupied the best room in our house and filled it full of what would be called "cooties" nowadays and helped themselves to what we had, as scant as it was, without money or without price, while the men burned our rail fences and amused themselves shooting and killing our sheep, pigs and poultry. It was villainous treatment, by the troops of the Government of great moral ideas.

Father so often regretted that he ever took out naturalization papers. If he had been a British subject he could have nailed the Union Jack (the British Flag) on his front gate and have defied the vandals.

Old Shafter undertook to criticize father for his Southern sentiments. He began by saying, "Here, old man, you are a foreigner —have been here only ten years," to which father replied, "Yes, I am a Scotch-Irishman." Old Shafter said, "It is d—— strange you came from a country where the government is everything and the people are just nothing, and trying to break up the best government the world ever saw, have sons in the Rebel Army." Father replied, "Colonel, I dinna think this is the best government the world ever saw—it is far frae it. In the British government the people can appeal to the House of Commons and

get a fair hearing, but when the Southern people appealed to Congress here, they got nothing but insult and had to resort to arms to maintain their self-respect. There is naething strange about my part in it—my ain people, the 'Clan Campbell' hae been fighting tyrants since the days of Bruce, and there is nae reason why I should'na keep up the reputation of the family."

CHAPTER XXII

Late Sunday afternoon old Shafter got orders from General Granger at Franklin to move to the Columbia Pike and join Colonel Coburn's command on Monday morning, March 5, 1863, to advance upon Springhill. We were sure delighted to see old Shafter and his crowd go.

Colonel Coburn's command was made up of the five regiments of infantry and two regiments of cavalry (Shafter was one of them), with a battery of artillery—in all about 3,000 men.

When they got about half-way to Springhill they met the Confederate Scouts of General Van Dorn's command, which was in line at Thompson's Station.

The first thing Monday after the Yankees had gone I hooked up a pair of old nags to a plow and began planting potatoes. I was making the rows, father was cutting the seed potatoes, and Andrew and Pat, my smaller brothers, were planting. I, in turn, was covering the seed with the furrows.

Thompson's Station, where the Confederates were in line of battle, was some four miles south of us. General Forrest with his brigade held the right of the Confederate line.

About 10 o'clock the skirmish firing began. We were, of course, very much interested, hoping all the time that Forrest

would get old Shafter. We could tell by the sound of the battle how it was going. If the sound went south, we knew the Yankees were getting the best of it.

We three boys were a lot more interested in the battle than we were in potato planting. The firing — musketry and artillery —was coming nearer and nearer to us all the time, and we knew, of course, the Confederates had the Yankees on the run. About noon the Yankee stragglers were coming through our orchard, gunless, coatless and hatless, had thrown everything away that would interfere with their running toward Franklin. We gave them a derisive shout as they went by. In a little while Forrest's men came along in the chase —we gave them a number of glorious shouts.

The Confederates whipped them good and captured nearly 2,400 of them, old Shafter in the lot. It was said at the time that if General Forrest had been in supreme command instead of General Van Dorn he would have killed and captured the entire expedition.

We did not hear of old Shafter any more until the Battle of Nashville, December, 1864. He had been made a brigadier-general and commanded a brigade of negro troops, probably 2,500 of them at "Nashville."

They undertook to dislodge the Confederates—Maney's Brigade, 600 to 700 men —from Rain's Cut south of town on the N. & C. Railway. The negroes with bands playing and flags flying made a grand display. The Confederates were delighted to have the negroes charge them, the more the better.

They let them come until they could see the whites of their eyes. The first line gave the negroes a solid volley and dropped back and let the second line give them another volley—which slaughtered the poor darkies.

Jackson's Brigade, which was on Maney's right, wheeled around and struck the negroes on the left flank and gave them a couple of volleys which completely put them in a panic. General Shafter lit out for Nashville and left the poor negroes to their fate.

I had this from some boys of the 1st Tennessee who were there at the time. I never saw a Yankee report of the losses in this affair, but I know that there were over 800 poor darkies buried in the lot just across from where the oil mill was afterwards located.

Quite a number of them were buried on the oil mill lot. When we were extending our warehouse in 1889, in digging for the foundation, a number of skeletons were unearthed. Our mill negroes ranged the

skulls along the top of the stone foundation and said "it would help keep the rats out of the mill."

The next we heard of General Shafter he was drinking ice-cold lemonade under the bank at Sibony, Cuba, while General Joe Wheeler was driving the Spaniards to a final surrender. I guess General Shafter is filling a hero's grave somewhere, so we will let him pass.

It would not take much of a stretch of the imagination to see that the Campbells of Drumaboden had gotten in bad in this country of great opportunities—we had to take a full share of the harships and punishment for a condition the making of which we had nothing to do.

We prided ourselves on being a branch of the great Clan Campbell of Scotland, whose motto is, "A Couer Valient Rien de Impossible," which means, "To the brave heart nothing is impossible." So we went to work to make the best out of the situation in which we found ourselves.

There is a legend connected with the Campbell crest and motto. The crest is a boar's head with a spear thrust through it.

The story goes that in the early days of the Clan Campbell of Argyleshire there were many wild hogs in the Western Highlands and some old boars, very vicious. They would come down into the sheepfold and kill and carry off the young lambs.

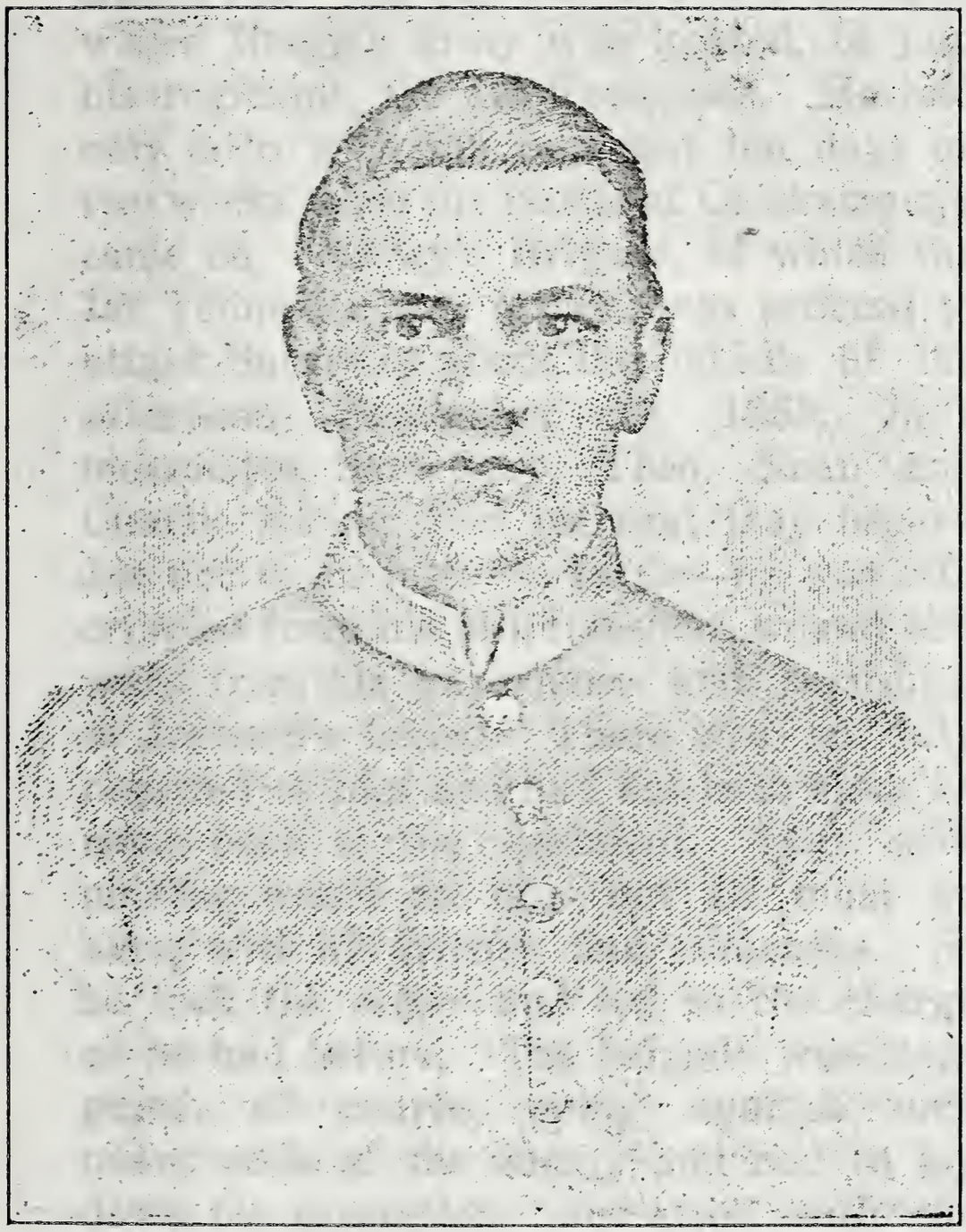
It seems one of these boars came into the farmyard and carried off a wee bairnie. A sturdy clansman with his spear and Skein Dhu gave chase, but failed to rescue the wee bairnie. He was gone for several days, so that his people thought he had met with disaster. He finally came back, however, with the boar's head, spear thrust through it, swinging over his shoulder. Hence the crest and the motto, "To the brave heart nothing is impossible."

CHAPTER XXIII

We had enough old immune horses to start two double-horse plows, so we went at it with a will and got our usual crop planted and cultivated to a finish before the summer days came on.

We always liked to have the crop "layed by," as it was called, before the Fourth of July.

We still had our heartaches and uncertainties. Joe was still in that villainous prison at Johnson's Island. William was soldiering somewhere with Forrest's command; in fact, we did not know if he was dead or alive, until after the Battle of Franklin, when he came riding in one morning. He did not get to stay long, however, as he had to take his place in Hood's retreat after the disaster at the Battle of Nashville.



JOE L. CAMPBELL
Lieutenant of Color Guard, 1st Tennessee Infantry,
Maney's Brigade, Cheatham's Division, C. S. A.;
Killed Saturday Afternoon, September 19,
1863, Battle of Chickamauga

CHAPTER XXIV

About the first of September, 1863, we heard that there had been an exchange of prisoners at Vicksburg, Miss., which included Joe. He was sent to North Georgia, where Bragg's army was located, to join his regiment, the 1st Tennessee. He had only been with the regiment ten days or two weeks when the Battle of Chickamauga came on. Maney's Brigade, of which the 1st Tennessee was a part, was ordered to attack Saturday about the middle of the afternoon, September 19, 1863. Joe's messmates, Sam Seay, Theo. Sloan and Charlie Ewing, told me that they begged Joe not to go into the battle—he was still crippled from his Murfreesboro wound and weak from his experience and hardships at Johnson's Island. There was no duty required of him and had not been since he came back to the regiment. They said nothing would do him but he must go along with his friends and comrades. So he took the colors and led in the charge as he had before. The brigade was staggered, of course, going against such heavy odds of the enemy and had to lay down for protection. Joe stood with the battleflag in one hand and his cap in the other to encourage his comrades. Of course the entire Yankee army corps turned their fire on him and he fell dead with a bullet in his face, just where the nose joins

the brow. Thus ended the life of a hero—a genius and wonderful boy in many respects.

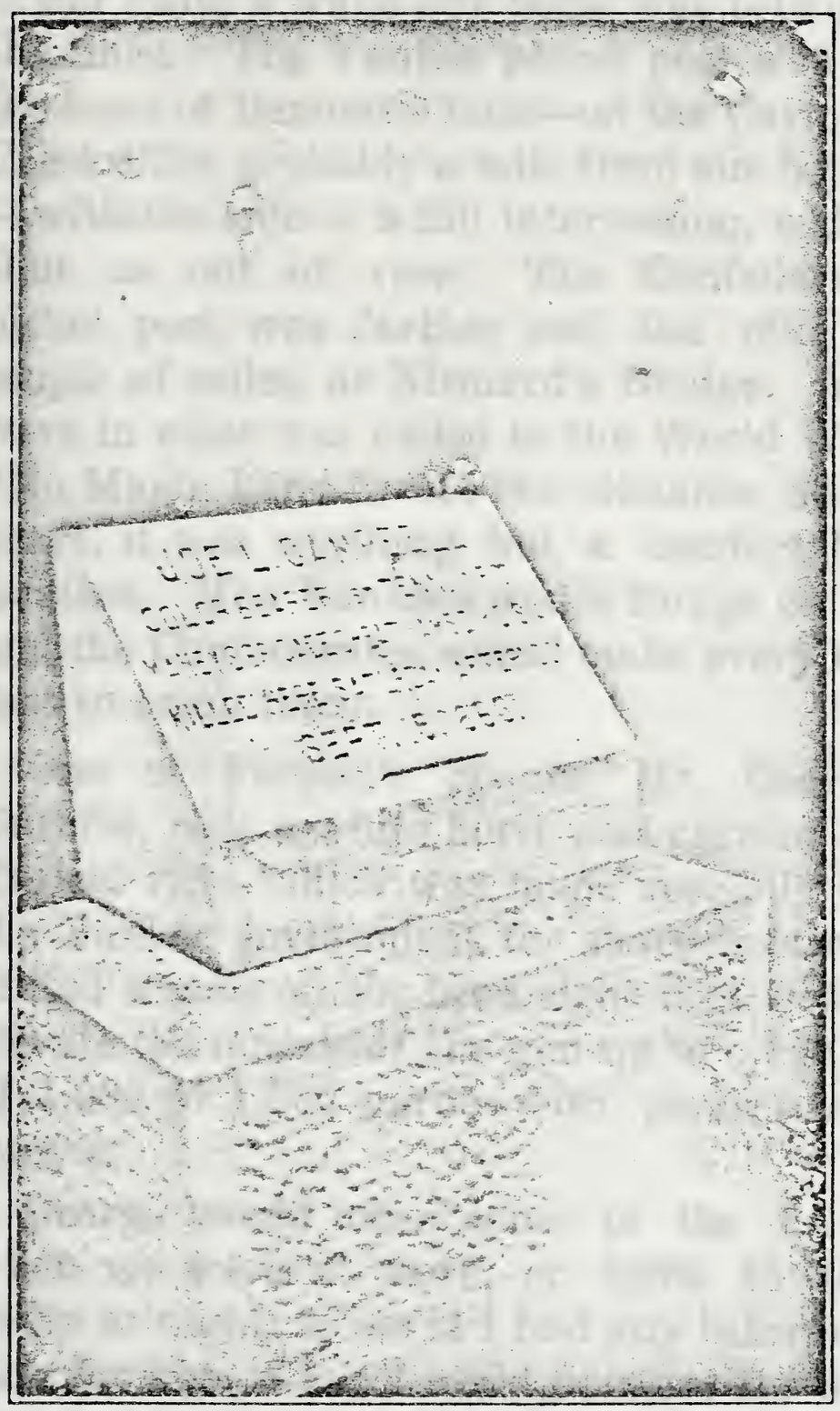
One of his friends, Bob Holmes (the old Confederate that sells the Banner at the Union Station every afternoon) has told me often that he begged Joe to lie down and was pulling at him when he was hit.

We were completely crushed when we got the news of the Battle of Chickamauga and the death of our dear boy.

There were three other boys of the color guard killed before the battle was over—Lee Shute, Billie Webster and Lee Douglas. They were all buried together near Dr. Buist's field hospital by Will Cunningham, who lived and died near the Hermitage. Will thought he could locate where he buried Joe. I made two trips with him to Chickamauga, but he could not find anything that was at all definite. The government, in clearing off the battlefields for a park, had blotted out all marks.

With the help of Sam Seay and Theo. Sloan I located the spot about where Joe fell, and after consulting with my brothers, William, Andrew and Pat, we had a neat little Tennessee marble monument set up, with suitable inscriptions to mark the spot where a hero gave up his life in the cause of liberty.

Father and mother never got over the death of their gallant son; in fact, mother,



JOE L. CAMPBELL'S MONUMENT
Where He Fell on the Battlefield at Chickamauga,
September 19, 1863.

dear, went to her grave with a broken heart.

For quite a while our home was between the lines. The Yankee picket post was at the head of Bennett's lane—on the Carter's Creek Pike, probably a mile from our house —with the side of a hill intervening, which shut us out of view. The Confederate picket post was farther out the pike a couple of miles, at Kinnard's Bridge. We were in what was called in the World War "No Man's Land." At this distance, sixty years, it was anything but a comfortable location. The Yankees would forage on us and the Confederates would make every effort to catch them.

One of Forrest's Scouts, Mr. George Guthrie, rode a white horse and carried an Enfield rifle, which was made specially by the Yankee government for sharpshooting. It had a scale on the hind sight that would elevate the muzzle of the gun up to a range of 1,000 to 1,200 yards with perfect accuracy.

George would often come to the fields when we were at work, or come to the house at night, to see if I had any information for him; I felt I could do more for my country in that way than to stand up and be shot at by two or three Yankees in the line.

When the Yankee pickets would come to our house I always made it a point in an

innocent way to get all the news possible to have for my friend Guthrie when he would come. He got the information from me as to the Yankee stock mart on the Atkinson place and how to get there. They made a raid on it one night and carried off a big lot of horses and mules.

One morning in particular Mr. Guthrie came through our orchard, where we were at work, to get the exact location of the Yankee pickets. There was a rail fence, the corners of which were full of blackberry bushes, and he saw, in almost a direct line from our house, where the Yankee picket post was located. Guthrie rode along behind this screen until he got in fair range. He picked out what he thought was the "officer of the day," laid his trusty rifle on the top rail of the fence, and fired and saw his man tumble to the earth.

The Yankees, of course, mounted their horses and hurried down the road toward Franklin. By this time Guthrie had his gun reloaded and fired on them again, and knocked another one off his horse.

Slipping along behind the fence I ran as fast as I could go and up into the top of the barn and saw Mr. Guthrie shoot the Yankees, and saw him go out on the pike and follow them past the toll gate.

The Yankees had a signal tower on Bennett's Hill, just north of the toll gate. Guthrie told me afterwards that he wanted to

get a shot at the signal man, but he had signaled the fort on Figure's Hill that Forrest was coming in heavy force, and took himself in a hurry to Franklin.

Pretty soon the fort turned their big guns — 65-pounders — on our neighborhood, which made us all hunt for shelter.

This big sensation was all made by one Confederate on a white horse—a slam on the G.A.R., about 25,000 men.

The Yankees sent a heavy force of Cavalry out the pike and we could hear the skirmishing. The Confederates set an ambush at Kinnard's Bridge. They took up the floor of the bridge and when the Yankees came on they beat a hasty retreat and dodged off the pike on the north side and crossed the ford, posting themselves behind a stone wall on the west side of the bridge.

The Yankees charged pell-mell into the bridge and onto the timbers about eighteen inches apart. The Confederates opened fire on them at short range, which punished them dreadfully; then charged them and drove them back to Franklin. That was a day full of excitement.

After that we were within the Yankee lines until the Battle of Franklin.

CHAPTER XXV

On the last day of November, 1864, a beautiful balmy day, there seemed to be a calm before the storm. Chalmer's Brigade of Forrest's command passed on their way to Franklin. Pretty soon we heard the skirmish firing. They had deployed to the left and reached the Boyd's Mill road (Uncle William S. lived one mile west of town on the Boyd's Mill road). When the Confederates got to Uncle William S.'s house they found that the Yankees had plundered the house and set fire to it. The Confederates, many of them friends of the family, drove the Yankees off and put out the fire. He had sent the children and valuables out to our house early in the day. The Yankees ordered him and Aunt Mag into Franklin.

About the middle of the afternoon General Bate's Division passed in on our pike and deployed to the right behind the Bostick house and joined the left of Brown's (Cheatham's old division), which had come in on the Columbia pike. Cleburne's Division was on the right of Brown's, and Walker's Division on the right of Cleburne's, to the west of the Lewisburg pike, on the Colonel McGavock place.

Here is where General Hood made the mistake of his life—ordering his troops to assault an enemy stronger than himself, and behind strong breastworks.

He must have been trying to overcome the dreadful blunder he made at Springhill the evening before. He tried to put the blame on General Cheatham and General Cleburn for that blunder, but it was his own fault, he was commander of the army, unfortunately, and he was present on the ground. It was his plain duty to see that the Yankees were all killed or captured. Forrest would have done it if he had been given permission, then there would not have been any Battle of Franklin, with the dreadful loss of life among the gallant boys.

The Yankee fort on Figure's Hill was shelling the country from the Lewisburg to the Carter's Creek pike, with their 65-pound siege guns from the time the Confederates came in range, but little damage was done.

The infantry assault was ordered at 4 p.m. and was repeated time and again until 8 p.m. The Confederates carried the first and second line promptly, but the last and main line had abatis out in front made of Osage orange hedges, that the Yankees had cut and piled along probably 100 yards in front of their breastworks. Our brave fellows had to pull gaps in the abatis under a murderous fire.

It was simply heartrending to see them lying dead and wounded by hundreds and thousands next morning.

We gathered up the dead and wounded, the very flower of Southern chivalry. Six

Confederate generals were lying on Colonel McGavock's porch — Generals Cleburn, Adams, Gransberry, Gist, Strohl and Carter.

The Yankees abandoned their work about midnight and set out for Nashville.

The Confederate artillery did not come up until 4 a.m., so we had no artillery in the fight at all. It could not have been used, anyway, without destroying the town and the people in it.

When the artillery arrived it was arranged in battery along the top of Winstead's Hill, and opened on the Yankees as they were crossing the river and moving out on the Nashville pike. The fort on Figure's Hill was simply dismantled. When those fifty guns opened it was deafening.

The whole country was in mourning after the Battle of Franklin. Many dear boys were killed in sight of their own homes. One, I remember, Theo. Carter, was killed in his own front yard, and his people were in the cellar at the time.

The whole town was a hospital. Almost every house had wounded men in it. My oldest sister, Maggie, and myself went every day to some hospital to carry things that the poor fellows needed.

Hood's army, or what was left of it, went on to Nashville and camped along north of Overton's Hills and waited until Thomas gathered together an army of 60,000 men, fully equipped and supplied with every

need (another one of Hood's blunders). He should have asked to be relieved before the Battle of Nashville instead of after.

Anyhow, what could less than 20,000 half-starved Confederates do against 60,000 fresh and well-equipped Yankees? The wonder is that they held them in check for nearly two days, and finally got away with anybody left.

When the remnant of Hood's army passed through Franklin on the retreat we all felt like the world was coming to an end, all that was needed: "just blow the lights out."

The Confederates made several stands. General Walker and Colonel Field gathered together stragglers until they had in all about 1,600 men—no two of them from the same company. They made a stand at Winstead's Cut on the Columbia pike south of Franklin. The Yankees charged into them, thinking it was easy, but they were so dreadfully punished that they were careful not to press the retreating Confederates and did not again, between that and the Tennessee river.

We all realized that our cause was lost, crushed by superior numbers and resources.

From General Lee down to the humblest private, they had fought a wonderful fight and deserved success.

If the South had succeeded, General Lee would have been the "greatest man the world ever produced."

George Washington would have had to take a second place for once in his life. Anyhow, taking the sentiment of the world over, General Lee stands at the head of the column.

The war was over before the middle of 1865, and our country was willing and anxious for peace, but we were to face reconstruction as handed out by the victorious Yankee government.

The South was full of Northern camp followers and carpetbaggers. They formed what they called the "Union League"—the object being to confiscate the Southern people's property and put themselves and the emancipated negroes in possession. As a matter of fact, the negroes were by far the best of the two.

Really the family negroes deserve the lasting gratitude of the Southern whites; they were loyal and faithful to the homefolks while their masters were out in the Confederate army. After being freed they were docile and useful until they became poisoned by the carpetbaggers.

CHAPTER XXVI

The "Union League," as mentioned before, was made up of home-made Yankees (I could name them all yet)—carpetbaggers and demoralized negroes. The conditions were so bad that the white people had to do something or leave the country.

It was then that the Ku Klux Klan was thought of and organized. The first meeting was held in Pulaski. Jim and John Crow and Tom Winder were the moving spirits. It soon spread over the whole South. We had a strong Klan at Franklin, made up of the best young men of the town and county. We all swore allegiance to it, and stood by it until it was finally disorganized.

About this time the "Union League" concluded to have a parade in Franklin. The "League" were all negroes and carpetbaggers, had Yankee army guns and equipment, flags, etc. They got a brass band from Nashville and the parade was on in all its grandure. The K.-K.'s, not knowing what might happen, got their navy Sixes and double-barreled shotguns. (We had some army guns, too, ready for emergencies.) The parade organized over on Hardbargain Hill, where the negro militia were camped.

They marched uptown and turned into Main Street at the Presbyterian Church and down Main Street to the Public Square. (At this distance there were several hundred of them.) When they filed into the

Public Square, unfortunately, there was a returned Confederate with his gray suit on at the Courthouse gate—a boy we all knew well: Tod Cody. Someone in the parade took a shot at him and he fell dead.

The K.-K.'s' guns came into action promptly. Every door, every window, was belching fire and the guns were in the hands of the boys that knew exactly how to use them.

The parade simply melted and vanished. It has always been a mystery what became of it. There was nothing left but some poor dead wounded darkies and a lot of military equipment and trailing colors.

That was the end of the "Union League" parades in Franklin—we never had another.

There were many tragic and many amusing things that happened. The tragic happenings were always a dire necessity, as the K.-K.'s were not cruel by choice.

One of the amusing incidents I will relate. There was an old negro preacher in town, Sam Merrill. Sam had a church over in "Baptist Neck," which was between the Columbia and Carter's Creek pikes.

The Rev. Sam was preaching to the sisters one Sunday afternoon. Among other things he advised the sisters (many of whom were cooks in white families) to put poison in the white folks' food and get rid of them and take possession. Mr. Beer-

field, who was the chief of the carpetbaggers, would sustain them in it.

The K.-K.'s went to see Samuel on Monday night. He had retired and when the K.-K.'s opened the door, of course, the poor old darky was badly frightened. He still had the instinct to jump out of the bed and run up the step-ladder into the loft (he did not have on his clerical robes, either). One of the boys caught Samuel's foot as he went over the floor and dragged him down the steps and out of the door into the Commons, where a couple of stout K.-K.'s with a cowhide apiece proceeded to discipline Samuel in a way that he never forgot. They took him back to his home again and Samuel was the best negro in Franklin as long as he lived.

Sometime after that I happened to be down at the L. & N. depot. I heard someone calling me "Mas', Jonnie, oh! Mas,' Jonnie!" On looking around I found it was Sam, who said, "Mas', Jonnie, I am driving a hack to the depot; come and ride up with me, it will cost you just a quarter."

I was a bit surprised and said, "Sam, I thought you were a preacher, I did not think you would drive a hack," to which he replied, "No, Mas', Jonnie, I have done quit preaching; the fact of the business, Mas', Jonnie, I think there was some doubts about the call."

CHAPTER XXVII

The Rev. Sam Merrill's sermon to the "cook ladies" and his reference to Mr. Beerfield put the Ku Klux Klan on the alert as to the head of the carpetbaggers—they concluded that Mr. Beerfield was well worth watching. The question was, how best to do it. A way showed up promptly. A bright young K.-K. proposed to make a big display of loyalty and join the "Union League," which he did, and like every new convert he showed so much enthusiasm that Beerfield and the faithful took him in with open arms.

They made a regular hero of him. Beerfield had about the biggest general store in Franklin. It was located on Main Street, about half way between Wren's Corner and House's Corner. Beerfield gave the new convert a clerkship in the store; the Ku Klux were all fixed now, they had a representative in the enemy's camp.

The community was living on the slopes of a grumbling volcano—had many misgivings, and did not know what would happen next. The tragedy came, and it was the worst imaginable.

Out the Carter's Creek pike about five or six miles, on West Harpeth, there lived a family named Ezell. Mary Ezell, a young girl of the family, about 16 years of age, was going home from school. A young ne-

gro fellow overhauled her and abused her so that she died a few days afterwards.

Her brother, John Ezell, 19 or 20 years of age, loaded his double-barreled shotgun with buckshot and hunted up Mr. Negro and let him have both barrels, which killed him instantly.

John had the best people's approval and sympathy, and everybody hoped that it would end there—but not so. Mr. Beerfield took the matter up, which proved to be his ruin.

John Ezell was going home one Saturday evening on the Carter's Creek pike when he passed along by Bostick's stone fence. Shots were fired from behind the fence, and John fell dead from his horse.

The Ku Klux then took the matter up and found that the shot had been fired by Mr. Beerfield and two negroes, who were known to the K.-K.'s. They at once caught the negroes and hung one of them on a locust tree that stood a few yards south of the end of the stone fence, and the other one was hung in Maney's front lawn about a mile out on the Nashville pike. Colonel Clint Douglas lived there at the time.

The Ku Klux then went after Mr. Beerfield. They finally found him in the loft of a big livery stable that was next door to his store.

Beerfield had sealed his own fate. He was to be hung as the negroes were; but the K.-K.'s could not get him to ride a horse, or ride behind or before a K.-K. In the melee, Beerfield jerked the mask off of one of the K.-K.'s and said, "Oh, yes, I know you —I will see that you hang for this." Several of the K.-K.'s put their revolvers against him and he was left dead in the street at Wren's Corner.

CHAPTER XXVIII

About this time Governor Brownlow ordered the captain of the Negro Militia that were camped over on "Hardbargain Hill" to round up all the young fellows and make them take the oath; if they would not, send them to Nashville and he would put them in the penitentiary. The Ku Klux sent a note to the captain of the militia that he must not let his men come out of their camp; if they did it would be at their peril.

Governor Brownlow at the same time sent his chief detective to Columbia to join the Ku Klux and get a list of the names of the Klansmen, so he could send troops there and round them up, make them take the oath or go to the penitentiary.

Mr. Baramore started to Columbia all right. The station of the Nashville & Decatur Railway was then on Broad Street where the Waldorf stable is now. The accommodation train left about 4 p.m. and would get to Columbia about dark.

Mr. Baramore got his ticket to Columbia. Jeff Cook, who was baggagemaster on the train, was also a Cyclops in the Ku Klux, and wired the Klan at Columbia that Baramore was coming on the accommodation train. The Klan knew, of course, what he was coming for.

When the train pulled onto the Duck River bridge, there was a red light on the south end of it. The train had to stop, of

course, on the bridge. The Ku Klux went aboard and soon found Mr. Baramore, took him out on the bridge, where they tied a bit of an iron rail with a stout cord through the fish-bar-hole on Mr. Baramore's neck and he was dumped into Duck river. It was said that the boys put a K.-K. suit in his suitcase and expressed it to Governor Brownlow. That is the way the Klan at Columbia did things.

After the carpetbaggers were driven out of the country, the negroes gave no more trouble. Really they would not have made any trouble in the first place if they had been left alone.

No further use for the Ku Klux Klan being apparent, it was disbanded.

CHAPTER XXIX

Getting back to the peaceable side of the Campbells of Drumaboden, we were all at work trying to repair the damage caused by the war and reconstruction, and the outlook was blue enough.

Of course we were all disfranchised—nobody could vote but home-made Yankees and negroes. Governor Brownlow had appointed Dan Cliffe, son of Dr. Cliffe, a Union man but a clever gentleman, to register the loyal voters.

I met Dan on the street one day and I was real glad to see him. We had been schoolboys together and I had not seen him since the beginning of the war.

Dan took me by the arm and said, "Come on, John, and go with me and let me give you a registration ticket so you can vote in the election that is coming on soon."

I said to him, "Dan, my dear boy, you know I could not take that villainous oath, I would die first!" He said, "Come on, John, you don't have to take the d—— thing. I will give you a ticket without the oath." And he did, and I have been a loyal (?) voter ever since.

Governor Brownlow had been elected to the United States Senate about this time, and Mr. Senter, who was Speaker of the Senate, became governor. One of the first things he said was, "that the war was over and that an ex-Confederate was as good as

any other man, and better than the most of them, and that they were not to be molested in any way as long as they respected their paroles."

After the Yankee Congress had failed to impeach President Johnson, one of the first things he did was to issue an Amnesty Proclamation restoring the Southern people to citizenship.

We were all glad to get rid of old Governor Brownlow. He was an old renegade Methodist preacher, posing as a follower of the "Meek and Lowly," while he was really in league with the devil.

CHAPTER XXX

As I said before, the Campbells of Drumaboden, and every other Southerner for that matter, were making heroic efforts to better our condition. My two brothers and myself were making the farm produce every stalk of wheat or ear of corn it could possibly grow. We would all work in the field in the summer, and Andrew, Alicia and Pat would go to school in the winter. I secured a job clerking in a grocery store in town for the winter, so as to make some extra money.

Our barn and stables were getting in a bad fix. Some of the logs in the big barn had decayed and were getting out of place.

We conceived the idea of making the barn and stables all under one roof. We went to the woods and cut some trees and made logs twenty-four feet long to take the place of the ones that were decayed.

We got a two-wheeled ox-cart and would put one end of the log on the axle between the wheels and let the other end slide. In that way we got the logs to the place for the building of the new barn.

After the crops were all laid by we three boys went to work and took the roof off the old barn, taking the rafters off in pairs, so they could be put on the reconstructed building without much trouble or loss.

We then took down the logs and skidded them to the new location and laid them on

the four sides in the order in which they were to go up, set the stones for the corners and had long skid poles to slide the logs up on.

When everything was ready our neighbors, the Youngs, the Bennetts, the Andrews and the Davises, brought their men and the building went up in one day. It was twenty-four feet square and twelve logs high, say fifteen feet to the square walls of the barn. We then put a shed around the entire building, which gave us a barn fifty feet square, the east side fixed for stables for the horses, the west side stalls for the cows and the north side biers for the corn cribs.

The $250 I had saved from my clerking in the grocery in town came in very handy. We got a lot of three-feet oak clapboards for covering instead of shingles and a lot of rough lumber as needed. We soon had the building finished and ready for gathering and housing the fall crop, had plenty of room for everything and had the most commodious barn in the Fifth District of Williamson County.

Father was so proud of it and proud of our efforts and determination to have it he would take a chair out in the backyard and sit under a tree and admire it and sing Scotch songs. He was a beautiful singer.

CHAPTER XXXI

There was an unpaid claim on the farm of $2,000 when the war came on and, of course, there was no way to meet it during the war and it was growing larger all the time (there was no moratorium in those days).

When reconstruction was over the debt had grown to $3,600. William, Andrew and myself decided to divide it by three and take $1,200 each. William had built up for himself a good business in Florence, Ala., so he got rid of his $1,200 pretty quick.

Andrew had a good position as bookkeeper in Nashville, so he soon canceled his debt.

I was finding it pretty hard to plow my $1,200 out of the ground. I made a deal and went into the store, tin and roofing business in Franklin—Rolffs & Campbell.

By strict business and fair dealing we soon drove Nashville competition out of our county and we did a good and profitable business.

Father could not get reconciled to living in a house with a wooden roof on it (our house was covered with poplar shingles). Drumaboden house in the old country was covered with Welsh slates.

I happened to be in Cincinnati and ran upon a Scotchman of Cairnes & Co., who dealt in Welsh tin. I bought enough to cover the house, got it in and had a new tin roof put on. Father was as happy as a boy with a new pair of redtop boots.

CHAPTER XXXII

My uncles, Andrew and Patrick Campbell, returned to Franklin after the war, the latter bringing with him his young wife from Louisiana.

She was Louise Winder, a granddaughter of Judge Felix Grundy (her sister, Carrie was the wife of Col. John McGavock of Franklin). She was an estimable young woman and we all became very fond of her.

Andrew and Patrick Campbell opened the school again as "Campbell's School."

Patrick Campbell and his wife, Louise, had a family of four children, William Winder, Mattie Grundy, John Stewart and Sallie Winder (Sallie died in infancy).

William Winder married James Briggs of Franklin, a splendid young woman. They have two sons, Jim Harrison and John Stewart. They live in Franklin, Tenn.

Mattie Grundy also makes her home in Franklin.

John Stewart married Helen Knox, daughter of George R. Knox of Nashville, who was descended from the great John Knox of the Sixteenth Century.

They have one son, George Knox Campbell, connected with the Nashville Trust Company. The family live in Nashville.

Mr. Patrick Campbell died in 1897 and Mrs. Patrick Campbell died in 1922.

Mr. Andrew Campbell never married and died in 1892.

This brings me to John Campbell, my father, the last laird of Drumaboden, and his family. He died May 1, 1871, and it was a pathetic death, as I well remember it.

He was a fine singer and sang Scotch songs constantly. One could hear the sound of his voice when he could not be seen.

The morning of his death we heard him singing

"Sodger's Return."

"When wild war's deadly blast was blawn,
And gentle peace returning
With mony a sweet babe fatherless,
And mony a widow mourning.

"I left the line and tented fields,
Where long I'd been a lodger
My humble knapsack all my wealth
A poor but honest Sodger.

"A leel light heart was in my breast,
My hands unstained by plunder,
And to fair Scotia's home again
I cheery on did wander.

"I thought upon the banks of Coil,
I thought upon my Nancy,
I thought upon the witching smile,
That caught my youthful fancy.

"At length I reached the bonnie glen
Where in early life I sported,
I passed the mill and trysting thorn
Where Nancy aft I'd courted.

"Wha spied I but my ain deer maid,
Doon by her mother's dwelling,
I turned me round to hide the flood,
That in my een was swelling.

"Wie altered voice quo' I, 'Sweet maid,
Sweet as yon hawthorne blossoms,
O! happy, happy may he be,
That's dearest to thy bosom:

" 'My purse is light and far to gang
I fain wad be thy lodger.
I've served my King and Country lang,
Take pity on a Sodger.'

"Sae wistfully she gaz'd on me,
And lovelier was than ever.
Quo' she, 'A Sodger lad ance I lo'ed,
Forget him shall I never.

" 'Our humble cot and humble fare,
Ye freely shall partake it,
That gallant badge, that dear cockade,
Ye'er welcome for the sake o't.'

"She gaz'd, she reddened like a rose,
Sine pale as onie lily,
She sank into my arms and cried,
'Thou art my ain dear Willie.'

"By Him who made yon Sun and Sky,
By Heaven true love's regarded,
I am the man, and thus may still
True lovers be rewarded."

The singing suddenly ceased. We could hear his footsteps as he came hastily to the back steps, eight of them as I remember. He was calling me, "John! Oh, John!" I met him at the back door. He put his two hands on my shoulders, with the most pleading and helpless look on his face. I put my arms around him and eased him down on the floor—dead.

So ended the life of one of this world's noblemen.

We were all at sea like a ship without a rudder after father's death, but of course we had to, and did adjust ourselves to the changed conditions. All of us but mother, dear; she never rallied. She had never gotten over Joe's death on the battlefield and was ill-prepared for this second shock. She lived along in a dazed condition until November, 1875, when she died. Our home was now completely broken up.

In the summer of 1873 I sold out my business and took $1,400 out of the proceeds and paid my one-third of the home debt. It had grown from the original $1,200 by added interest.

I packed my kit and went to Memphis, thinking there would be more opportuni-

ties there. I had two cousins there, David A. and W. A. Campbell. They both urged me to come.

I left my brother Pat in charge of the farm. Andrew had taken the position of bookkeeper in a grocery house on the Public Square at Nashville.

I went to Memphis the first day of September, 1873. The only position I could get was that of traveling salesman in a wholesale tinware and metal house. The line suited me very well, as I had been in the same business in a Franklin retail house.

I was making a fair start, although I did not like the traveling, being by nature a home-body. When the yellow fever broke out this demoralized everything for that year and part of the next. I found it an up-hill business to build up anything like a good following out of Memphis—the country merchants all preferred St. Louis.

The latter part of 1874 I concluded to give up traveling out of Memphis and started up a little business of my own in Forrest City, Ark.—groceries and plantation supplies. Dave Campbell, of Hendrix, Campbell & Co., helped me to finance it.

I did a very profitable little business in Forrest City for two years, or until my health broke down completely. I sold out and left Forrest City the last day of De-

cember, 1876, and landed in Nashville the first day of January, 1877, to start over again.

Andrew had made a deal with a Mr. Ed Parson who was doing a country produce commission business. He was a good live business man and was doing a fair trade, but unfortunately, as we found out later, he was a night drinker and I soon found myself with the bag to hold, so to speak.

I got out of the firm as best I could with a heavy loss and took the place of bookkeeper at the Dixie Oil Company.

So, I was starting over again with the handicap of very poor health. I got along fairly well, notwithstanding Mr. Thompson, who was president and a very disagreeable personage. Fortunately, Mr. Sperry, the secretary, was a very clever gentleman, and he and I soon got to be fast friends.

During this time we traded the farm in Williamson County for Nashville city property and moved our sisters, Maggie and Alicia, to Nashville and began housekeeping. Pat had already come and was a salesman with Burk & Company.

Andrew had changed his place and was bookkeeper for the wholesale firm of Brown, Farrel & Cannon.

When we got our housekeeping under way we were very comfortably fixed—Maggie, Alicia, Andrew, Pat and myself. William was still living in Florence. We six, with Uncles Andrew and Patrick, constituted the Campbells of Drumaboden at that date, 1878.

CHAPTER XXXIII

I continued to push my pen in my book-keeping and fight the Arkansas malaria that was still in my system. In the spring of 1880 Dr. Buist insisted that I should go and spend two weeks at Red Boiling Springs. I was not there long before a pair of brown eyes became a factor to be reckoned with.

My dear wife of today was then Miss Eva Carter of Nashville, and was there with her invalid sister, Mrs. Dodd.

Before the two weeks had passed I found myself very much interested in the two brown eyes and the dear girl behind them. Miss Eva Carter was not only a charming girl, but a gentlewoman as well, being a direct descendant from the James River Carters of Virginia, the same family to which General Lee's mother belonged.

The latter part of my stay at the Springs I still recall as a sort of an Elysium.

"But pleasures are like poppies spread;
You touch the flowers, the bloom is shed,
Or like the snowfall in the river:
A moment white—then gone forever.
Or like the Borealis race:
That flits ere you can point its place,
Or like the rainbow's lovely form:
Evanishing among the storm."

"Nae hand can tether time or tide, the hour approaches"—John F. must get back to his work at Nashville.

When I got back to my work I found myself still more interested in the dear girl, so I wrote and told her, and when she came home I called and repeated it in person.

We became engaged to be married and the time set for July, 1881.

Our company, the Dixie Oil Company, decided to build an oil mill in Hickman, Ky. I was to have $2,500 stock in it and to be secretary and treasurer and manager. We went to work and built the mill that fall and winter, and I went down and took charge. We started operations the first of February, 1881.

Of course I was very full of it all, the object being to make a place for my beautiful bride-to-be.

I had gathered a big lot of cottonseed from the surrounding country and had the prospect of a fine and profitable year. I would have made big money only for a sleepy-headed negro who knocked over a coaloil lantern and set the mill on fire and destroyed everything. I lost everything I put in it; in fact, the Dixie Oil Company did not play fair with me and I resolved to leave them at the first opportunity.

Burns said, "The best laid schemes of mice and men gang aft aglee."

Someone else said, "There is a divinity that shapes our end rough hew them as we may."

Anyhow, Mr. O'Shaughnessy, the president of the Nashville Cotton Oil Company,

heard that I was at outs with the Dixie Cotton Oil Company and sent for me. He was ready to make a deal with me and was glad of the opportunity.

We made a very satisfactory deal effective the middle of June. When I notified Mr. Thompson that I would resign my place he went up in the air; said he had so many things in view for me; that the company would rebuild at Cairo, and that I was to have a big interest with full management, which I declined with thanks. The poor old fellow could not see how I could be so independent; he found it out later to his sorrow.

I went to work for the Nashville Cotton Oil Company (Mr. O'Shaughnessy, president and Mr. Collins, secretary) in the middle of June, 1881. Mr. Collins had been keeping the books himself, but had been in poor health so that the books were behind. I went to work and got everything up to July 1 and made out a financial statement showing the full condition of the company. They were both delighted with it.

Mr. O'Shaughnessy told me privately that it was the most satisfactory statement that they had ever had.

I was very much pleased with my beginning, and especially pleased to be with appreciative people.

CHAPTER XXXIV

Our marriage took place the middle of July. We made a two-weeks' trip East to New York, Long Branch, Saratoga and Niagara Falls.

It was a very pleasant trip, of course, but I was glad to get home and back to my business. I was soon made secretary and treasurer of the company, and when we were taken over by the American Cotton Oil Company I was made manager, which place I held until I resigned, August, 1913, and went with the Fourth & First National Bank, as manager of the Grain Department and Purchasing Department. I am still with this bank as manager of the Safety Deposit Vault Department.

In due course we had a son born to us. We named him John Charles, for his two grandfathers, John Campbell and Charles Carter. Later on our little daughter was born. We named her Martha Elizabeth for her two grandmothers. When our second son was born we named him Joseph Lytle for his uncle who was killed at Chickamauga. When our second daughter was born we gave her the full name of her maternal grandmother, Elizabeth Stevenson.

This constituted our family, two daughters and two sons, as fine specimens as ever adorned any family. They have grown to manhood and womanhood and are the delight and comfort of our declining years.

Charley has never married. Martha married Reuben Reynolds Banks of Columbus, Miss. They have two children, John Campbell and Martha Campbell, both splendid specimens of humanity.

Joseph married Miss Louise Crutcher of Nashville and have Joe Lytle, Jr., and Carolyn, two delightful children.

Elizabeth married J. Greer Rogers of Memphis. They have one daughter, Evelyn Carter, who is a very lovable child.

John Charles and Joseph L., with his family live in Atlanta, Ga. Martha and Mr. Banks with their family live in Columbus, Miss. Elizabeth and Mr. Rogers and little Evelyn live in Memphis.

Andrew George, the fourth son, came to Nashville in 1871 to take a position with Armstead & Co. He was later connected with Brown Farrell & Cannon, and afterwards with the American National Bank.

In 1884 he was Married to Miss Nina Gaither, of Natchez, Miss., a lovely, attractive member of the Stanton family of Mississippi, and the Gaithers, of Kentucky.

He later moved to Natchez, and established the "First Natchez Bank," which prospered from the beginning. He liked the South and made it his home for many years. He had other interests in Mississippi and Louisiana and many devoted friends who mourned his death in 1915.

Since that time Mrs. Campbell has made her home in Nashville.

This brings me to the present status of the Campbells of Drumaboden—that is, those that bear the surname of Campbell.

My brother, P. L., and myself, John F., are the last of the Campbells of Drumaboden house.

My two sons, John Charles and Joe Lytle, and my grandson, Joe Lytle, Jr., and little Carolyn make up our branch of the family.

My Uncle William S. Campbell's family is represented by sons, James H. Campbell of Nashville, Bradley J. Campbell of Memphis and his son, William S.; Henry Campbell of Arkansas and his two sons, Park and

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My Uncle Patrick Campbell's family is represented by a daughter, Mattie, and two sons, William W. (and his two sons, James H. and John Stewart), and John Stewart and his son, George Knox Campbell.

This brings me to the end of the story of the Campbells of Drumaboden. I have given it my best thought. I think sometimes that there are too many I's in it, but they are part of the story.

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